

THE MESSENGER.

Dr. A. H. Strickler
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"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

They have no care.*
They bend their heads before the storm,
And rise to meet the sunshine warm,
And dance responsive to the breeze,
And nestle underneath the trees,
And take whatever life shall bring
As gayly as the birds that sing.

They do not toil:
Content with their allotted task
They do but grow, they do not ask
A richer lot, a higher sphere,
But in their loveliness appear
And grow and smile, and do their best,
And unto God they leave the rest.

They have no sin:
Their pure sweet faces they upraise;
And shrink not from the sun's bright gaze.
And if the earth should soil, the rain
Comes down to make them clean again,
And, scented, beautiful, and white,
They live their lives in God's dear sight.

They weep no tears:
No shadows dim their happiness,
They do but live the world to bless;
Enough have they of cloth of gold,
They lift the cups the dew to hold,
About them are the light and song,
And they are glad the whole day long.

God cares for them:
His love is over every one,
He wills their good, His will be done;
He does neglect no single flower,
He makes them rich with sun and shower,
Their song of trust is sweet and clear—
And he that hath an ear may hear.

—Marianne Farningham.

Communications.

For The Messenger. THE ROMAN CHURCH.

It has often been asserted that the Roman Church in Europe and America differs widely in the life and piety of her membership. Dr. Philip Schaff once remarked that, "the Roman Church has met in America the most aggressive antagonist she has ever been called to face, the free press and the spirit of inquiry it fosters." The truth of this assertion has been, during the past twenty years, manifest in the affirmation of congregational right and title to church property, and the rejecting of immoral and intemperate priests, even to the disregard of the bishop. And now another instance of this progressive spirit is related by the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record of July 21st. It is stated that Bishop Wigger of Newark has suppressed a pamphlet which insists "that the Roman Catholic Church in this country must be Americanized; that bishops shall be elected by the priests; that Italian ideas must give way to American ideas; that the Church in the United States shall be independent of Rome."

The author of this remarkable paper is Rev. Patrick Corrigan, priest of the church of our Lady of Grace, at Hoboken, N. J., one of the largest Roman Catholic congregations in the country. Father Corrigan, though submitting to the authority of the bishop, is not changed in his views, but speaks freely. He is hostile to Italian influences and paid schools kept up by religious fraternities. He gives as a reason for his views, that, in his travels in Italy, Spain, and other centres, where he has found the Church the ally of the State, and powerful, there the people were most ignorant and degraded. This, as coming from one in a position to know, must be regarded as very strong testimony. Father Corrigan is deeply imbued with American life and institutions, and appreciates the advantage of education for the masses. He says, "It is wicked to compel the poor

to send their children to church schools where they usually have to pay large fees, when just as good an education is offered in our public schools."

It is difficult to estimate the significance of these bold utterances. It certainly indicates that a spirit of progress has arisen in the Roman Church which tends to elevate her people. He wishes the Church to lay hold of the popular heart, and to do this the masses must be educated. The value of education has apprehended him. The Church may for a while, by the power of authority, silence such bold spirits as Father Corrigan. When this spirit of independent thought extends to, and moves intelligent laymen, the movement assumes more formidable proportions. The Record correspondent says, "Some Catholic laymen are trying to secure for publication the pamphlet of Father Corrigan, which was copyrighted." Men pass away, but a truth once declared will find lodgment in some hearts, and expression in some lives, and accomplish its purpose, even though revolutions undesired are the results of its workings.

We have seen a few earnest men, convinced of the injustice of slavery, banded together for its destruction. They were laughed at, treated with the highest indignities even in the Congress of the nation, and scorned and derided by men of both political parties at first. They, however, persisted in their efforts, and dealt powerful blows at the evil, "until sooner than philanthropists dreamed"—yet through blood—the curse of slavery has been blotted from our National escutcheon.

The Roman Church must realize sooner or later the strength of this idea of opposition to foreign interference in the American Catholic Church. Citizens of the United States are very sensitive to foreign influence in their affairs. They are reluctant to accept even the mediation of a European power. The spirit of independence and self-assertion is one of our national characteristics. The Roman Church has a delicate problem to handle in the views put forth by this heroic priest. The world has moved since the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV. in 1077, with his eldest son and his faithful consort, in mid-winter, stood for three days before the castle of Canossa barefooted, and clothed in haircloth, before Gregory VII. consented to remove the ban of excommunication. It would be well for Leo XIII. to try the virtue of excommunication on these rebellious children, who openly set at defiance his commands as to the Parnell fund. In dealing with the question raised in this pamphlet the Pope may meet deeper humiliation than the loss of his temporal power.

Americans can brook no second-hand authority. They receive reluctantly any officer, civil or ecclesiastical, whose life, education and culture are the growth of a foreign soil. The press of the country fosters this spirit, and is outspoken. It is the same in both the great political parties, though differing as to governmental policy, yet as to foreign influence they utter the same voice of opposition. The secular press finds its way into the homes of Romanist and Protestant every day. It must of necessity have a great influence in moulding the thoughts of men. It is not, therefore, so wonderful that Romanists should desire to be severed from their influence so at variance with their daily life.

C. R.

Selections.

PREPARING THE SERMON.

By C. H. Spurgeon.

A young man inquired of a certain preacher how long it had taken him to prepare the discourse which he had just delivered. The youth learned that only two hours had been actually spent in its elaboration; and he was fool enough to draw the inference that two hours would be quite long enough for himself to spend in studying a sermon. "It is all that the celebrated Mr. — takes, and therefore it is all that I require." Vain boast-

ing! The ox has drank up one pool and the frog is about to drink another. The foolish inference of the juvenile divine reminds us of the story of the Spanish sculptor, who executed a statue for a wealthy gentleman in twenty-five days. The astonished purchaser proposed to pay him by the day, to which proposal the artist answered, "What! do you not know that I worked hard for twenty-five years to learn how to make that statue in twenty-five days?" The sculptor had justice upon his side: the wealthy man's proposal was absurd. If we probe to the bottom of the matter, we shall come to the conclusion that the artist had spent twenty-five years plus twenty-five days in making that statue. The same rule holds good with regard to discourses which are rapidly prepared, and are worth anything. The preacher has been a student for many years; he has practised sacred oratory for half a life time; he has reached perspicuity of thought, fullness of teaching, and clearness of language by a lengthened and arduous process, and therefore we might fairly say that it took him two hours plus half a lifetime to prepare his sermon. He who fancies that he can throw off the same kind of productions, though he has never undergone the previous training, is a simpton of the largest size.

A husbandman has occupied many months in digging a well, and at considerable expense he has fitted excellent machinery to it. By the lifting of a handle, he fills a bucket in half a minute. Another person, who has no such well, but simply stands upon his farm, fancies that he also can procure water from the earth beneath him in a few moments. He is at once considered to be a proper inmate for a lunatic asylum. The young gentleman, of whom we have been speaking, may not be a lunatic, but he is altogether as insane. A poet, in an hour, may compose a work of surpassing excellence, for he is a man of intellect and culture; but the versifier who should attempt the same feat would succeed only in producing a wearisome rhyme, and in setting himself up as a laughing-stock. "I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing the manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-paper basket. "I prepared that sermon," said a young sprig of divinity, "in half an hour, and preached it at once, and thought nothing of it." "In that," said an older and wiser clergyman, "your hearers are at one with you, for they also thought nothing of it." A man cannot shake off sermons as a tree sheds its leaves. That which comes from a man's mind without thought and research is comparable to that which comes off ground without ploughing or sowing. Words without thought are in no respect better than weeds.

Let the young preacher believe that study and thought are essential to his success. Let him depend upon the Holy Spirit for help; but let him not dream that the Spirit of God will minister to his idleness. The divine Spirit helps us to will and to do, not to wish and to do nothing. If the preacher shall go up and down all the week, wasting his time, and neglecting his books, and then shall go into his study on Saturday evening expecting to be suddenly filled with holy matter, he will be mistaken. The trifler will find that he has grieved the Spirit by his indolence, and that he is left on the Sabbath to vent his nimble nonsense, or to wander through a wilderness, seeking rest and finding none. This is the cause of much of that incoherent discoursing of which Cowper sings—

Disgrace is so much in modern use
Thought is so rare and fancy so profuse,
Some never seem so wide of their intent,
As when returning to the theme they meant;
As mendicants whose business is to roam,
Make every parish but their own their home.

God is not mocked: if the man has sown nothing in the study, he will reap nothing in the pulpit. If there is one employment which, beyond every other, demands the concentration of every power and faculty, it is the ministry of the gospel of Jesus

Christ. It is the best work under heaven; perhaps in heaven itself there is none nobler; and it ought to be performed with the full energy of our entire manhood when it is elevated to its highest pitch. Poor preaching has driven the poor from preaching. Vapid discoursing lies at the bottom of the indifference of the working classes to the house of God. If they had been interested, they would have continued to attend; but much of the preaching they have never been able to understand, and much more of it was worth nothing when they did understand it. Who that is free to do as he wills, and feels no religious obligation upon him, would go and sit, Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear the same platitudes repeated *ad nauseam*, and repeated so dreamily that an irresistible impulse to sleep falls upon the auditor? God has not made the Sabbath to be a day of doing penance; but some of God's servants have made it so; and the penance which they set before their hearers is one which no priest of the Romish Church would have had the cruelty to appoint. When I have nothing to say, I ought to say it to myself; but to get a number of people together, under a sense of religious duty, and compel them to sit three quarters of an hour to hear me say nothing, in an extremely doleful or flippant manner, is a barbarity which the Spanish Inquisition has scarcely ever excelled. You, young sir, may be allowed to compose a sermon in two hours, when it turns out to be such that it will be remembered for two centuries; but not till then.—National Baptist.

CATHOLICISM IN FRANCE AND GERMANY.

Few political questions are of such present interest as the influence of the Church of Rome upon human affairs, of the authority of the Church of Rome. And if there is no more interesting subject, neither is there any more profoundly perplexing, about which prophecy is more hopeless, and even the correct appreciation of present events more difficult. The tide rises and falls, advancing in one place and receding in another. Not only that, but from year to year the sea is in one quarter gaining upon, in another receding from the land. But who shall say whether all the world over the waters on the whole tends to prevail, or rather to lose, however slowly, more and more of their ancient dominions. Looking back for fifty years, has the Church of Rome gained or lost? Most men would be inclined readily to answer that she had lost ground, though whether rightly or wrongly—remembering how dearly her old influence in high places was bought at the price of popular hatred—may perhaps be questioned. But how if we look back for eighty years? The answer would certainly be the other way. The intricate and shifting character of this problem is once more forced to the general observation by events passing before our eyes. The recent letter of the Pope to President Grevy, coming at the same time, almost on the same day, as the acceptance of the new Ecclesiastical bill by the Prussian Chamber, is an undesigned illustration, more startling than any that could possibly have been devised, of the extraordinary variety of fortune to which the Church of Rome is exposed. The Ecclesiastical bill, however little the Pope or the Clericals may feel or pretend to feel satisfied with it, is undoubtedly an important victory for the Ultramontane cause. The letter of the Pope to the President, though its exact terms may be matter of doubt, is known to have been a vigorous protest against the growing hostility to everything clerical, or even Catholic, which now characterizes the legislation and administration of France. How little effect such protests are likely to have, may be judged from the fresh humiliation just inflicted upon the Church by the Prefect of the Seine in closing the chapels attached to the hospitals. And this great and striking contrast between the success and the growing power of Roman influence in Germany and its failure and decline in France appears all the more remarkable when we

compare it with the state of things in both countries just ten years ago. In either case it was the exact reverse of that existing at present. In France the success of the conspiracy which overthrew M. Thiers had just filled the whole Roman party with exultation, and seemed to have inaugurated a long period of clerical supremacy. In Germany, on the other hand, the Kulturkampf was at its height, and the prospects of Catholicism appeared more gloomy than they have ever done since the days of Gustavus Adolphus.

What are the causes of these strangely contrasted and still more strangely shifting fortunes? Perhaps, after all, there is some common principle underlying such diverse appearances. And first, to look at Germany. Temporary political conjunction, such as Prince Bismarck's need of the Clerical vote to pass his protective tariff and his measures of social reforms are not an adequate explanation of his recent great concessions to the Catholic Church. It would be easy, too, to attribute too much importance to the much-belauded moderation of the present Pope. It was less difficult for the German Government to adopt a conciliatory policy with Leo XIII. at the Vatican than it would have been with Pius IX., but nothing on the whole is clearer than that it was the attitude of the Catholic population of Germany and not the attitude of the Vatican which was at the bottom of the recent change. And the recognition of that fact should save us from another misinterpretation of the altered position of the Prussian Government to its Catholic subjects which prevails in some quarters. It has been said that the Kulturkampf was from the first exceptional, because there is a sort of necessary affinity, in these days of Socialism, and unbelief, between despotic Governments and the Church of Rome. But that is putting it turning to his natural alliance. This view, that absolutism is favorable to the influence of the Roman Church and Democracy unfavorable to it, derives some confirmation from the development of events in France. The crusade against Clericalism has there gone hand in hand with the gradual establishment of a real in the place of a merely nominal Republic. But, plausible as this view is, it is yet in the main false. If Germany were to become a Republic to-morrow, the power of the Ultramontanes would be no less—nay, it would probably be even greater than it is. The solid mass of the Clerical vote, wedged in between the Left and the Right, and siding indiscriminately with either, would certainly obtain greater concessions under a system of party government than it possibly can under the Bismarckian system. It is not the necessities of the Chancellor, nor the moderation of the Pope, nor the semi-despotic character of the German Constitution, which has turned the scale once more in favor of the Catholic Church in Germany, but the deep hold which she has on the population of great regions of the country, the indestructible loyalty with which they cling to their ancient faith. To say that is not to praise or to rejoice over the existence of this influence, numbing and obstructive as it often is, but simply to recognize it. And if it is this power over the minds, and still more over the hearts, of her members which has carried the Church triumphant through official opposition in Germany, it is the absence of any similar influence which has led to her collapse, once that official support and encouragement were withdrawn from her, in France. The Church of Rome has ever, since downright persecution has been out of the question, thriven better under the frown than under the smile of authority, for the former has led her to woo, while the latter has tempted her to disregard, the affections of the people.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty; and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate as any man can be without it.—Tillotson.

Family Reading.

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

Do you know the love-kept garden?
The pleasant proofs are there;
Love's hands are always busy,
And the loving heart takes care;
Affection's eyes read quickly
Each little flower's needs
Of sunshine and of shelter,
And deliverance from weeds;
And gentle fingers trim the plants,
And cool drops from above
Steal downward to the very roots,
And speak of love.

And in this well-kept garden
Love meets a glad return,
And the heart made wise by tenderness
Sweet secrets can discern;
The pansies speak of heart's ease,
The lilies bend with bliss,
The red lips of the roses
Seem lifted for a kiss;
The happy faces of flowers
Meet the one kind face above,
And, pouring perfume lavishly,
Give love for love.

Do you know the slighted garden?
The ground is hard and dry;
The lilies fade before their time,
The rose-leaves scattered lie;
Unchecked the rank weeds flourish,
The winds unhindered beat;
The fragile stems are trodden low
By rough and careless feet;
No hands are busy tending them,
No hearts with pity move,
And so they slowly droop and die
For lack of love.

Each home may be a garden,
And precious human flowers
Fill all the year with sweetness
And the glow of summer hours.
The laughter of the children,
The happy, praiseful prayer,
The smiles on aged faces,
The peace and plenty there,
The tears that come of gladness,
And the bright eyes raised above,
Are flowers that owe their culture
Alone to love.

Alas! for all the loveless,
And for the joy they miss—
The gladness of true service,
The foretastes of heaven's bliss!
Oh, love can make a garden
Of this poor world of ours,
Can bid the dreary desert
Be beautiful with flowers,
So let us all be loving!
And thanks to God above
That flowers are springing everywhere
For those who love!
—London Christian World.

ODDS AND ENDS.

By Alice M. Guernsey.

"A tidy half finished, a moss-mat waiting for the moss, 'God Bless Our School' with only two words worked, another tidy, a yoke half braided, some crochet edging—O, dear! what shall I do with all these things? They are too good to throw away; but I've no time to finish them now, and some of them I don't care to finish. That motto, now—I began it for the Sunday-school; but Dr. Jellies gave us a chromo one, so that's of no use. I wonder if some Mission school doesn't want to finish the whole lot, and put them into a fair?"

"Mamie, Mamie Gray," called a voice from the foot of the stairs, "are you ready?"

"Is that you, Kate? Is it time to go? I'll be ready in a minute. Come up here, and see the trouble I'm in."

Kate gave a wondering glance at the floor, strewn with the contents of the trunk Mamie had been overturning, and then laughed merrily.

"If that isn't funny!" she said; "I've been doing the same thing. When shall we send them?"

"Send what?—where?" asked Mamie in a puzzled tone.

"Why, all these unfinished pieces of fancy work. Haven't you heard what Miss Lord says?"

"Miss Lord? O! that missionary cousin of Frank Weston's? No. What does she say?"

"Why, she was visiting at our house the other day, and I brought down my box of such things, and I thought I would try to finish some of them. Mother said, 'Kate, you've certainly improved about leaving things half done. How long ago it seems since those things were packed away there! I did it the day after you went to the seminary. What are you going to do with them?' 'I'm sure I don't know,' I said. 'I hate to see them lying around half done.' Then Miss Lord asked if she should tell me what to do with them; and I said, 'Yes, indeed! if you know any possible use for them, let's hear it.'"

"Get them all together—and as many more of the same kind as you can—put them in a box, and send them to the Mission Rooms at New York, directed to Mrs. Parker, or some missionary who has charge of a girl's school. The box will be sent on the first chance they have, and you've no idea how much good the things will do. The girls are delighted to do 'American' work, especially when it is commenced, so that they have a pattern to go by. A friend sent me such a box while I was in India, and it lasted for a 'Reward of Merit' all the year. There was no better

treat for the girls than the privilege of using its bright worsteds, embroidery silks, and card board."

"Three cheers for Miss Lord!" cried Mamie, "that's just the thing! How delightful to have one's shortcomings changed into virtues! You see, if I'd finished all these things they wouldn't have done half the good they will now. You needn't shake your head and look so wise, mamma. We can get a big box full, Kate; for all the girls have a pile of such things. But, come, I'm ready."

And the two girls hastened to the meeting of the "Rain-or-Shine Society," while Mrs. Gray said softly, "Better late than never; but better never late." I wonder what she meant! Do you know?
—Heaven Woman's Friend.

CARELESS LETTER WRITERS.

All letters bearing directions that are not easily decipherable by the clerks in the New York office, are sent to a special department in which three clerks are constantly employed in correcting the mistakes and omissions of correspondents. The majority of the letters sent to this department consist of envelopes addressed for the most part in the handwriting of business men or clerks and in which the names of the cities are omitted or wrongly given. Many letters are found every day intended for delivery in streets known to be in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Newark or other cities, but all addressed to New York. Directories of all the principal cities are kept on hand and are consulted to obtain the names of streets and business firms. Hundreds of the firm names become so familiar to the clerks that the errors can be corrected without the delay necessary to consult the directories. Frequently the name of the city is omitted, but it can often be supplied. The cause of some of the mistakes made is obvious. For instance, the business man who addressed an envelope to "Messrs. Lord & Flannel, Broadway," was evidently thinking of the goods he was ordering of Lord & Taylor. When the same firm was addressed as "Bayard & Taylor," the literary turn of the writer was evident. Messrs. "Howard & Crosby," to whom several letters were directed, were found to exist only in the person of an agent doing business at the junction of Howard and Crosby Sts. Mr. Stone, the head of the department, will read without difficulty, "Old Berne" as Albany; "Cykaga" or "Zegaga" as Chicago; "Tetruiit" as Detroit; "Sonnkikut" as Connecticut, and the like. A letter addressed to "Signignical's Hotel, New York" finds its proper destination at the St. Nicholas. Mr. Stone is known as the "blind reader," though as a western lady, who had an idea that he had a mysterious way of reading without eyes, remarked, "He don't act as if he were blind." Mr. Stone has been twenty-seven years in the service, and for a large part of that time has devoted himself entirely to reading obscure addresses. He can read most of the foreign languages, and has acquired remarkable facility in his occupation. He has two assistants in the work of deciphering addresses, and they are kept busy from morning till night.—Tribune.

THE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD.

The earth, the lake, and the stream have disgorged their swallowed specimens; the sepulchre and the temple have given back their offerings; the buried city has unclutched its relics; the battle-field has rendered up its vestiges. And from all these subterranean pillaging the museums have grown full. There is the Greek sword, so curt that it was little more than a large knife, pre-eminently fit for scrambling, hacking, strenuous stabbing at unflinching close quarters. There is the Roman sword, of differing lengths, almost as various, indeed, as the countries it conquered. There is the Gallic sword, of such soft, pliant metal that its users had to stop in fight after each hard blow, in order to straighten it under their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to knock them over unaccountedly. There are the hooked scimitars of the Turks, with an inside edge, and the curved Arab yataghans, with the edge outside. There is the cross-handled sword of the Crusader, with which he prayed and slew alternately. There is the weapon whose pommel served for a seal, like that of Charlemagne, who said, when he used it to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept." There are Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Moorish swords, each one of them with a type or detail proper to itself. There are the glaives of red clothed headsman of the Middle Ages; there are Malay krissees and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabres (the parents of our contemporary sabres) from India, Armenia, and Khorassan. There is the espada of the Spanish matador, the schiavona of Venice, the Albanian cutlass, the Kabyle flassa, the Turkish kandjar, the court sword of a century ago, the claymore of Scotland. There are all the incalculable assortments of German, Spanish, and Italian swords.

All these and a thousand others are to be found in the collections, with their capricious varyings of blade and handle, of pommel, spindles, and hilt, of inlaying and engraving, of complicated basket-guards, of every sort of ornament and complement and supplement that can be added to an implement. Damascening, particularly (which is the incrusting of gold and silver into iron and steel, and which, though said

by Herodotus to have been invented by Glaucus of Chio, and though cultivated by the Romans, was not seriously practiced in modern Europe till the fifteenth century), gives a remarkable beauty and artistic value to many swords; it is, perhaps, indeed, the most distinctive and the most graceful of all the adornments which have been lavished upon them. And the scabbards! Why, they form a special race; if they were not, by the essence and condition of their being, a mere adjunct to something else, they would occupy a place of their own in the world. Their sorts and shapes are so many that they are beyond arithmetic.—Blackwood.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON HOME TRAINING.

If the family be only a place in which to eat and sleep, it has none of the charms of home, and its younger inmates will, sooner or later, flee from its precincts. But besides being filled with cheerfulness, affection, moral instruction, and entertainment, the home should be a training school for usefulness or for greatness. It should educate its boys that they may bear themselves manfully in the battle of life, so train its girls that in after years "children shall arise up and call them blessed."

The grand offence of parents lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. The first beginnings of that inquisitiveness are to be seen, according to a recent writer, in actions not generally attributed to any such cause. "When you see a child spoil and destroy immediately and deliberately the playthings that have been given to it, pull off the petals of the flowers it has gathered, and even the wings of insects which it has caught, you say, 'Children are destructive; childhood is merciless.' It is a mistake. The child is not destructive; it is not cruel. It is curious. It does not want to destroy, it wants to know." But with the very first appearance of this desire for knowledge, with the first utterance of the often embarrassing but inexorable questions "how" and "why?" the gravest responsibilities fall upon the parent, and should be promptly met. The next best thing to answering a query is to put your child in the way of finding out the solution for himself. Indeed, it is often the preferable way.

M. Dumas, quoted above, dwells on one point which moralists would do well to insist upon. It is the heinousness of the time honored practice of lying to children. We are not now speaking of disputed questions of faith, but of plain physical facts, of the habit of exciting an unnatural curiosity in children by evading their natural questions, of investing with a halo of unwholesome mystery matters that both can and ought to be brought to a clear day light of science. The cause for such lying always is that the children are not old enough to understand. "There may be children who, owing to physical causes, are imbecile; but there is not such a thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence. It may develop special aptitudes or antipathies. But you will never hear it say a silly thing as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told a lie."

Children should be taught self-reliance, to wait on themselves, to do helpful things, to acquire useful accomplishments, to understand that it is more blessed to minister than to be ministered unto, that "he also serves who only stands and waits."

Give the young safe views of the value and usefulness of wealth. Most parents have a natural and laudable desire that their offspring shall possess its comforts and advantages. It is a mighty power for good or for evil, and our duty lies in so training our youth that they may know how to make it a blessing. Teach them how to earn it, how to save it, and how to spend it.

Inspire in them noble ambitions and lofty purposes, and so shape their minds that they will instinctively shun any action that looks solely to mere personal gratification. Teach them to

"Count each day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees by their hand no worthy action done."

Children should be trained for given ends. The importance of providing every boy or girl with an occupation that may be made the means of a livelihood is not sufficiently realized.

It is true there is great difficulty in choosing. Few are elected, by either in-born aptitude or natural taste, to any special calling. Sometimes a predilection for certain sports or pastimes may show the drift of taste. Napoleon played with miniature cannon; Nelson with toy ships. Study natural proclivities.

Most people can do a number of things passably, and there are few who do not, or who cannot be taught to, excel in some special matter. Give your children as wide an outlook as you choose; but, while teaching them to do all things well, impress upon them the truth that to succeed in life one must do something superlatively well.

Mere aspirations do not always gauge our capabilities. Few can attain the top rung on the ladder of fame, and true happiness consists in finding a niche and then filling it. Better be a good stone mason than a poor sculptor; better a good sign-painter than a wretched artist.

But, the choice once made, adhere to it. The man who is a universal genius appears but once in a century.

"Why is it," asks Hope Ledyard in *The Examiner*, "that we parents and teachers fail so often? We try to teach obedience, patience, faith—and the children do not get anything from us. Let us look into

our daily lives, and see if we have what we are seeking to impart. A gentle sunny spirit is caught by a child. Have you that sunny spirit? I am finding out more and more as the children grow up that they lack because of the lack in one or the other of their parents; and though I do not think that it is well to confess this to them, I do think that almost every sin your child commits will lead you, if you examine yourself, to confession and repentance." Again and again every mother can take these words on her lips:

For they were the failings
That I would not see
When they were my failings,
When they dwelt in me.
Little faults unheeded,
That I now despise,
For my baby took them
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide him often,
For I know I must;
Yet I do it always
Bowed down to the dust;
With a face all crimson
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.

Christian Advocate.

"OH, MY POOR BOY!"

There are persons who find amusement in the misery and madness of the intemperate; and there are temperance speakers who evoke mirth by picturing scenes which cause only misery. But those who have experienced the terrible evils of intemperance find little amusement in such exhibitions. Said one woman, into whose family this curse had entered, "When I hear temperance lecturers mimic and make fun of men who get drunk, it makes me mad! It is no laughing matter to have a man come home drunk!"

There are some women—God pity them! who have known what it is to see for the first time a husband or a son drunk! Who can tell the anguish of those through whose souls the sword has thus been thrust! Those who have seen such a sight will not soon forget it. Those who have not seen it may count themselves happy.

About the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near, the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes. As I drew nearer, I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, until she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tones that I shall never forget:

"OH, MY POOR BOY!"

It seemed as if a life-time of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before.

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the bystanders helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched, and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness, rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men?—Selected.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask.
Room to deny ourselves: a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present rapture, comforts, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them come and go;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above:
Help us this day, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central naut, is shaken to the innermost depth, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges prolongs his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians,

conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the mind and less to drugs for them, and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

It is a superficial view that looks upon weeds and brambles as a curse to the soil and great expense or damage to the husbandman. They are like the trials and temptations that beset us in the path of life; in the resisting and struggling to overcome the evil, we become stronger and more fully developed in our moral and intellectual natures. So when we turn or stir the soil to kill the weeds to keep them from choking the tender plant, we do just what the crop needs to give it vigor and open the soil to the fructifying influence of the sun and atmosphere. Labor, considered a misfortune, as an evil to be dreaded, is still a help to mankind. Diligent and frequent cultivation for the destruction of enemies of the soil—few have ever learned the full benefit of it to promote development of vegetable growth. The more we nurse and fertilize the land, the better it will pay the expense, and when we do all the work profitable to our crops we shall not be troubled with weeds.

THE PENALTY.

Dr. Andrew McFarland writes thus: "It is your stout old hero who goes to bed every night with liquor enough under his belt to fuddle the brains of a half dozen ordinary men, and yet lives out his three-score years and ten, that will be found at the head of the stock that pour into the world, generation after generation, such a crop of lunatics, epileptics, eccentrics, and inebriates as we often see. The impunity with which one so constituted will violate all physical law gets its set-off in a succeeding generation, when the great harvest begins. That 'the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children,' that 'the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth have been set on edge,' are truths that no Scripture is needed to teach; in other words, he who sins through physical excess does not do half the harm to himself that he does to the inheritors of his blood. The penalty must be paid as surely as there is a seed time and a harvest."

Useful Hints and Recipes.

NUN'S TOAST.—Cut four or five hard-boiled eggs into slices. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a sauce pan, and when it begins to bubble add a finely chopped onion. Let the onion cook a little without taking color, then stir in a teaspoonful of flour. Add a cupful of milk, and stir until it becomes smooth; then put in the slices of eggs and let them get hot. Pour it over neatly trimmed slices of hot buttered toast. The sauce must be seasoned to taste with pepper and salt.

TO CLEAN MATTING.—In cleaning matting wash twice during the summer with salt and water—a pint of salt to half a pailful of water; soft water; dry quickly with a clean soft cloth. Treated in this way the matting will not grow yellow. Or, if preferred, apply a thin coat of varnish to the matting. That will make it more durable and greatly improve its appearance. If varnished, it will not need washing. Now and then wipe with a wet cloth and dry quickly. Use white varnish on white matting. Be sure and have the varnish thin or the matting will crack.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—One quart milk, five eggs, two tablespoons melted butter, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one dozen ears of sweet corn. Grate the corn from the cob; beat the whites and yolks separately. Put the corn and yolks together, stir hard and add the butter; then the milk, gradually beating all the while; next the sugar and a little salt; lastly the whites. Bake slowly at first, covering the dish for an hour. Remove the cover and brown finely. This is a most delicious accompaniment to a meat course, when properly mixed and baked. You can make this pudding from canned corn in winter.

DRIED CORN ought to be made palatable, and be frequently seen on the dinner-table, but many people who like corn dislike this stuff because it is not cooked properly; it should always be put to soak in lukewarm water the afternoon of the day before it is to be eaten. Do not throw away the water in which it is soaked, or then you lose much of the best there is in the corn. Then early, at least two hours before dinner, put it in a saucepan over the fire, and let it cook slowly but steadily until it is tender. A little cream added to the milk, butter, pepper, and salt is desirable, and a teaspoonful of sugar will sometimes do wonders in giving flavor to the dish.

PLATTERS AND VEGETABLE DISHES.—It seems to be an unknown fact to most of our domestic assistants that platters and vegetable dishes are sure to crack sooner or later, if they are set on the hot stove. If they are left there a moment only, there is danger of their good looks being spoiled. It is a good plan to have something on or near the stove where such dishes may be placed; of course if one has a shelf above her range or stove, there is no excuse for the annoyance mentioned above, but if there is no shelf, a brick may be kept in the heater and used when it is necessary, or an iron flat-iron holder will be found useful.

CUCUMBER PRESERVES.—Gather young cucumbers, about the length of one's middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash and soak them a day and night in fair water, changing this four times. Wipe and with a small knife slit them down one side; dig out the seeds, stuff with a mixture of chopped raisins and citron, sew up the slit with a fine thread; weigh them and make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of cucumber, and one pint of water. Heat to a boil, skim, and drop in the fruit; simmer half an hour; take out and spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down in syrup with a few slices of ginger root added. When thick, put in the cucumbers again, simmer five minutes, and put up in glass jars, tying them up when cold.

Youth's Department.

A LULLABY.

By Kate J. Anthony.

Ho! dear little west winds, come over the sea;
I pray you speed quickly to baby and me;
Come croon your sweet lullabies softly and low,
The rustling of young leaves, the brook's rippling
flow;

The lull of the waves as they break on the shore,
And dreamily mimic old ocean's deep roar;
The bees' drowsy tune set to murmuring rhyme,
The fairy-like music was lily-bells chime.

Come sing to my nestlings the songs you have
sung

This eve to the birdlings in leafy nests swung,
Whose green, swaying cradles, high up 'mid the
trees,

Respond to the touch of each gay, flitting breeze.
The birds and the flowers are hushed all to rest;
Now lull my bright birdling to sleep on my
breast,

While God's holy angels from Heaven above
O'ershadow my darling with white wings of love.

The Continent.

FORGIVING AT SUNDOWN.

By Ruth Pool.

Little Lucy Graves ran into the house
one afternoon, her face all aflame with anger.
She threw down her hat on the floor
as if she wanted to hurt it, threw herself
almost as hard upon the sofa, and hid her
face in the pillow. Her mother, sitting
sewing near by, exclaimed, "Why, what
is the matter, my child?" But no answer
came from the depths of that pillow.

The mother left her chair, and stopping
at the sofa, laid her arm over the little
curled up form. There must have been a
strange thrill in that touch, for in a few
seconds a sob came from the pillow; and
in a few seconds more the flaxen head was
raised, disordered hair falling all over the
face. Then tears and words came.

"Oh, mamma, I'm so mad at Belle Fay
that I don't know what to do. She's the
meanest, cruellest girl that ever lived."

Mamma parted the soft hair and drew
it behind the ears. The face looked cooler
now. A shower of tears is good to put
out the fires of anger.

"Now, my child," said the mother,
"tell me what Belle Fay has done."

"At recess Mary Benton and I said we
would be walkists and have a match. Katy
Doyle said she would give a pretty doll to
the one that walked the soonest ten times
around the yard. When I had walked
around eight times and was ahead of Mary
Benton, that hateful Belle Fay threw her
hoop right down before me and made me
trip and fall. So Mary Benton had time
to get ahead of me, and she beat. After
school Katy Doyle gave her a lovely red
cheeked doll, dressed in white muslin and
blue ribbons. I wouldn't care if it was all
honest and fair; but it wasn't. I should
have beaten if that ugly, cruel Belle Fay
hadn't thrown the hoop down before me.
Mary Benton is her seat-mate, and she
wanted her to get the doll. I'll never,
never forgive Belle, nor speak to her
again!"

Lucy spoke in a determined tone, as if
nothing could ever change her mind. Her
mother did not need to put another ques-
tion. Whenever she asked the child to
state a case she knew that she would al-
ways tell the whole truth. The love of
truth was little Lu's best virtue; and a
great one indeed that virtue is. A quick
temper was her worst fault. Sometimes,
when much provoked, her anger was red
hot.

Mrs. Graves left the room, but soon re-
turned with a bowl of clear, cool water
and a snowy towel. She bathed the child's
face and hands, laid her smooth and
straight on the sofa, and spread a shawl
over her, saying, "Now, my child, I want
you to take a nap. Mamma is sorry for
you. Belle Fay was very unjust and un-
kind. We will talk more of the matter
by and by."

While Lucy was asleep the father came
home with brother Albert, aged thirteen,
and they were informed what had befallen
the pet of the house. Papa pitied her,
and pulled out a parcel of candy to admin-
ister as a dose of consolation. Albert
said, "She'll leave her troubles in the
Land of Nod, and forget all about them
when she wakes."

To this the deeper thinking mother re-
plied:

"Forgetting is not always forgiving. I
want Lu to forgive Belle Fay before she
forgets."

Little Lu woke about tea time, and the
family sat down at the table. Not a word
was said of anything unpleasant; for Mr.
and Mrs. Graves thought it not good for

the appetite or digestion to talk of troubles
at the table.

After tea papa sat down to read his pa-
per, Albert went to the barn to pet his
pony, and Mrs. Graves and Lu went out
on the piazza to enjoy the summer evening
air. The mother had another object,
which was soon made known when she
said: "I told you, my dear, that I was sor-
ry for you because of the unkind treat-
ment and disappointment which you have
suffered. But I am a thousand times more
sorry for another reason. It is that you
came home from school so unforgiving.
You said you would never, never forgive
Belle Fay. You have slept and rested,
and your burning little heart is cooled. I
hope that you can now forgive your school-
mate for her wrong."

To this there was no answer.

After a few minutes, in which both were
silent, the mother said: "Surely, my
child, you will tell me now that you for-
give Belle Fay."

"How can I say so if my heart don't
forgive her? It would be a lie, wouldn't
it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, it would."

"Then what can I do, mamma?"

"In the first place, let us ask the Lord
to help," said the mother.

She drew the little head down into her
lap, and, softly bending her own over to
it, said: "Lord Jesus, help Thy little
child to forgive."

After a few moments' silence the mo-
ther said, "Now let us try some other
ways, for the Lord bids us strive as well as
pray. This is the law in everything. Let
us try to turn away our hearts from
bitter, unforgiving feelings by thinking of
forgiveness and love. Jesus is our great
example of forgiveness. When suffering
upon the cross He said of His cruel en-
emies, 'Father, forgive them.' What a
vast multitude of His disciples since then
have followed Him in forgiveness."

"Suddenly Mrs. Graves stretched out
her arm and pointed toward the sun that
was sinking toward the horizon."

"See!" said she, "the sun is drawing
near its setting. Remember the sacred
words, 'Let not the sun go down upon
your wrath.' Obey that command, Lucy.
You will have to make haste, for see the
sun! I think he will give me time to tell
a little bit of a story. Once when I was
in a beautiful city in the sunny South,
where Jack Frost never stays long enough
to kill quite all the flowers, I used to go to
see a good old colored aunty. She was
an invalid, and did not go out of her neat
little upper chamber, with its great old-
fashioned high bedstead, and steps outside
to climb into it. She loved the Lord
truly, and proved it by striving to over-
come evil in herself. Many a pleasant
talk I had with her. Once, when speak-
ing of her high temper, she said: 'I'm
troubled with this quickness, but I never
go to bed with malice.'"

"Cannot you, my darling, say that?"

"I would like to, mamma."

"Lucy, you must use your will. Say to
yourself: 'I must, I must forgive Belle
Fay!'"

The red sun was now quite round.
Every moment it was becoming to the eye
a smaller part of a sun.

The mother and little daughter sat side
by side upon the steps, gazing silently at
the sinking sun.

Just as there was only a golden edge of
it to be seen, Lucy cried out eagerly,
bursting into tears: "Yes! I will, I will,
I do, I do forgive Belle Fay!"—*Christian
Union.*

ALFRED'S THREE PRAYERS.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he
was going to bed, "I prayed three prayers,
and the Lord has answered two of them.
Do you think He'll answer the other?"

"I think He will, my dear; but tell me
about these prayers. What were they?"

"One was that He would make you well,
and you're not sick any more. Another
was that He would make papa more kind,
and he has been more kind lately, hasn't
he?"

"Yes, dear. Now what's the third?"

"I prayed that God would keep us chil-
dren from quarreling, but He hasn't an-
swered that yet, for Daisy and I quarreled
dreadful to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the
Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't He do
everything?"

"He won't make you good against your
will. If you choose to be a naughty boy,
God will be sorry for you; but you will be
naughty still. But if you earnestly wish
to be a good boy, and when Satan tempts
you to quarrel, if you turn right to God

for strength to resist him, and fight like a
good little soldier to keep down the naughty
temper, then God will give you the victory.
But He won't do the work for you.

"O, I didn't understand," said the little
boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma,
"you have something to do yourself, when
you pray such a prayer, to help God to
answer it. You must watch and pray, and
fight against temptation; and if you do
this you will be able, by-and-by, to come
and tell me that God has answered all
three of your prayers.—*Kind Words*

ALL KINDS OF CRABS.

If I should tell you about all the kinds
of crabs in the world, there would be no
space left to tell of their curious habits and
ways of life. So I will mention only a few.

The great red crab frightens one when
he suddenly pops his head out of a hole
under the sea weed. There are some smaller
crabs you might not notice. Did you
ever see the Hermit Crab? He lives alone
in a shell belonging to some other shell-
fish. It has been cast off, like an old shoe,
and he steps in. He is very brave in his
borrowed shell, but a great coward when
out of it. He is one of the few that can
leave his house when it is too small for him
and seek another. The Spirit Crab glides
over the sand so fast that you can't catch
him, run as hard as you please. The fun-
niest of all crabs is the Fiddler. He lives
in a little hole in the sand. He doesn't
fiddle; oh no; but there is music when he
gets hold of your toes! He has two front
claws, a big one and a little one. He
shakes them at you, as much as to say,
"You dare not trouble me!" Then he
dives into his hole in the sand, peeping
out now and then to shake his fist.

See that crab on the beach! Do you wish
to know whether or not he is a "regular
fighter?" Don't try to find out by sticking
your finger between his claws. Try him
first with a stick. If he bites hard at the
stick, you may (if you please) tempt him
with your finger. A crab will bite at al-
most anything; but a toe or a finger is
what he likes best to get hold of. You
don't need a hook to catch him with, when
he is in the water. A piece of meat or fish
tied to the end of a string will do. This
crab is a very useful animal. He will allow himself
to be pulled out of the water first.

Perhaps the best of the crab family is
the one that is good to eat. This is called
the Soft-shell Crab. He is juicy and ten-
der only when he has shed his hard cover-
ing, and before another shell is formed. If
you will go with me to the West Indies I
will show you the land crabs. They live
in holes in the mountains. Every year
they travel down to the sea. They take
this long journey in order to lay their
eggs. The eggs can be hatched only on
the sea-shore. Thousands of land crabs
travel together. They are like the sea
crab. In the Spice Islands we may find
a crab that climbs trees. It is said that
he does this to get the fruit of the cocoanut-
trees.—*Our Little Ones.*

ANIMAL TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Did you ever read about the different
kinds of trades the many outside dwellers
are playing? They get about their work by
daybreak, when most of the children are
sleeping sweetly and soundly on their snowy
pillows. Wilson Flagg in his book of birds
speaks of them as the musicians. He calls
the robin the clarinet-player, the blue-
bird the flageolet, the hair-bird the octave-
flute, and the golden-robin the bugle. He
says the serious part of the music begins
very early—as if the musicians began the
morning with their "Praise God, from
whom all blessings flow." At sunrise the
bobolink begins his comic melody. He is
the merriest of the birds, and there is never
a plaintive strain in his music. Wilson
Flagg also tells us if a discordant sound
occurs in the musical performance, it dis-
turbs the equanimity of the singers, and
they all suddenly stop; and some minutes
elapse before they start again. You might
listen to their morning concerts, and find
out for yourselves about this statement he
has made.

The birds are the musical characters.
What are the wasps? They are paper ma-
kers. They make paper out of material
the paper mill could not use at all. Their
nests are made of paper. If you examine
one you will see how curiously they are
made; but look out for the wasps inside.
The caterpillar is a silk-spinner. The mole
is an engineer; he can form a tunnel quite
as well as if he had taken an engineering
course in one of our colleges. The bee, we
are told, is a professor of geometry. He

constructs his cells scientifically; all the
great mathematicians in the world could
not make them as the bee does. The nau-
tilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in
his sails as he floats along the water, and
casting anchor at pleasure. The kingfisher
and the heron are fishermen.

When you go to the ocean beach, watch
them, and see how skilfully they fish.
They don't often go away without any fish,
as I have many times seen boys and girls
go, with disappointed faces. One secret of
success may be that they keep very still,
and do not chatter to each other.

The beetle is a grave-digger. He goes
about his work very solemnly, and it
would be well worth while for you to watch
him at his work.

In the evening the lamp-lighters come
and light up the woods and gardens. They
are the firefly and the glow-worm. The
beavers are carpenters and masons. We
might keep on enumerating the different
trades of these busy little workers, but
every boy and girl who has an opportunity
of watching the busy life in the outside
world of nature will be surprised to find
how much there is of importance going on,
how much these little creatures God has
made are capable of doing.—*S. T. Perry
in Evangelist.*

"WHEN I WAS BORN."

By Mary Black.

"When I was born," said little Jack,
"It was the first of May;
And sweet Spring flowers and leaves combined
To make the earth look gay.
The little snowdrop hung its head,
It knew that it must die;
For brighter flowers began to bloom
Beneath a clearer sky."

"But I was born," cried little Meg,
"When Summer days were long;
And sweet birds, in their leafy nests,
Twitted their joyous song.
The rose beneath the window bloomed,
It was so fresh and fair;
It nodded at me through the glass,
To bid me welcome there."

"My mother says I came," said Fred,
"When Summer had grown old;
And Autumn came to tint the trees
With crimson, brown and gold.
And mother likes the falling leaf,
For was not the Autumn-time
That brought her little boy?"

"And I was born in Winter-time,"
Said curly-headed Flo;
"When all the world in silence lay
Beneath her veil of snow.
But mother says that I had come
To be her Winter bird,
And twitter as the robins do,
When not a sound is heard."

"We represent the seasons four,
Each has a work to do;
So let us all be firm and strong,
To do our duty too.
We all will join when times are fair,
To make our dwellings gay;
And should there come a cloud, we'll help
To chase it quick away."
—*Golden Days.*

THE WAPITI.

The wapiti is a splendid beast, the hand-
somest by far of all the deer tribe. He is
called an elk in the States—why, I do not
know, for the European elk is identical
with the American moose, and a moose
and a wapiti are not the least alike. But I
presume the wapiti is called an elk for the
same reason that thrushes are called robins
and grouse partridges. The reason, I dare
say, is a good one, but I do not know what
it is. The wapiti enjoys a range extend-
ing from the Pacific seaboard to the Mis-
sissippi, and from the Northwest Territory
in British possessions down to Texas, and
he formerly was found all the way across
the continent, and in the Eastern States.
He is exactly like the European red deer,
only about twice as large, carries mag-
nificent antlers, and is altogether a glori-
ous animal. Wapiti are to be met with in
forests of timber, among the mountains
and on the treeless prairie. They are, I
think, most numerous on the plains, but
the finest specimens are found in timbered
districts. One might suppose that branch-
ing antlers would cause inconvenience to
an animal running through the tangle of a
primeval forest, but the contrary appears
to be the case, for in all countries the
woodland deer carry far finer heads than
the stags of the same species that range in
open country. Wapiti are very shy. They
require quiet and large, undisturbed pas-
tures, and they are hunted with a thought-
less brutality that must shortly lead to
their extermination in civilized districts.—
Lord Dunsraven.

A SERVANT WORTH HAVING.

A friend of the Spectator, of the *Chris-
tian Union*, sends him the following little
incident, which is derived directly from
the wife of the captain concerned, and
therefore may be trusted as not apocryphal:
"When the 'Ashuelot' went down off the
Chinese coast the captain had a servant
who, while all were rushing on deck, coolly
went back to the captain's room, put up
two suits of clothing in a bag, came up on
deck, tossed the bag down into the last
boat, and quietly stood by the captain, who
was the last to leave the vessel, and jumped
overboard with him as the vessel went
down. Captain and servant were taken
into the boat and all rowed for the light-
house; some of the officers were only in
their night-clothes, and all of them satu-
rated to the skin. As they stood around a
fire of some sort the servant quickly stepped
up to the captain and asked, 'Would he
not like to put on a dry suit of clothes?'
The captain looked up in astonishment
when the boy opened the door of the next
room, and the captain saw, to his amaze-
ment, two suits of his own clothing spread
out upon a bed." And this boy was a
"heathen Chinese."—*Royal Road.*

THE TALLEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The London *St. James Gazette*, in a re-
cent issue, says: "It seems that America,
after all, is unable to make good her claim
to the possession of the tallest and largest
trees in the world. Every one has read
of the marvels of the Yosemite Valley and
of Yellowstone Park, the huge national
sporting ground of the United States. But
what are the giants of California in com-
parison with a tree which has lately been
discovered in Australia? It has long been
known that in Tasmania there are eucalypti
measuring 200 feet from the ground to
the first branch, and more than 350 feet in
total height; and there is, or lately was,
on Mount Washington, near Hobart Town,
a tree of this species the trunk of which
was eighty-six feet in circumference. But
a still more gigantic monarch of the woods
has been recently discovered in Victoria.
It is a well-proportioned specimen of the
Eucalyptus amygdalina, and its top is near-
er to the sky than the cross of St. Paul's
Cathedral, for it is no less than 430 feet
high."

Pleasantries.

A boy that was kept after school for bad
orthography excused himself to his parents
by saying that he was spell-bound.

'Pa, is it right to call a man born in
Poland a pole?'—"Of course, my child."
—"Well, then, if a man is born in Hol-
land is he a hole?"—"Tut tut! I'll answer
no more of your silly questions!"

An old negro woman praying for a cer-
tain slanderer, said, "O Lord, won't you
be kind enough to take the door of his
mouth off, and when you put it on again,
just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace
on earth and good will to men?"

"What a fine-looking man that is!" said
one gentleman to another, noticing a face
and form such as would attract attention
anywhere. "Yes," was the reply, "he
looks like an encyclopedia, but he talks
like a primer."

"Johnny, how many bones are there in
the human body?" "Whose human
body? Mine?" "Yes, yours for instance."
"Can't tell. You see, I've been eating
shad for breakfast, and that upsets the
anatomical estimate at once."—*Yonkers
Gazette.*

Luke Beckley was noted for his dry,
caustic wit. One raw morning he came
into his store, and walking up to the stove,
remarked, "This is what I call a cold, wet
storm." One of the by-standers remarked
—"Uncle Luke, did you ever hear of a
hot, dry storm?" "Yes," returned the old
man, "I think I have, about the time of
Sodom and Gomorrah—that was what I
call a hot, dry storm!"

Mike Finnigan (to post-office clerk):
"Sure! Is there any a letter for me?"
Clerk: "What name?" Mike: "Oh, niver
mind the name. Don't ye be too in-
quisitive. Oi only wants me lether."
Clerk: "Yes; but I cannot give you a
letter unless I know your name." Mike:
"Well, thin, me name is Pat O'Donnell."
The clerk could find no letter for that
name, and Mike went off muttering: "The
inquisitive spalpeen thought as how he
was schmart; but O'im after pullin the
wool over his oyes, for Oi guv him the
wrong name!"

THE MESSENGER.

S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

A. R. KREMER,
D. R. LADY,
D. VAN HORN, D. D.,
SYNDICAL EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on all subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who desire to contribute should send their communications, but on a separate sheet, in the same sheet, in such a way that they may be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1883.

the day of the military parade, during the bi-centennial celebration of Philadelphia, a large number of fine-looking soldiers passed up Market street. Far as the eye could reach, cavalry, infantry and every occupied the broad thoroughfare, the sidewalks, windows and even the roofs of the houses were lined with spectators. For some reason there was a delay of half an hour and, during part of the time, every one was annoyed by some one who was hidden behind a second shutter and kept blowing a squeaky horn. Citizens and soldiers became impatient under it, and all the more so because the rascally coward did not show himself. The annoyance was kept up until a bugler rode out into a space before the regiment, looked around him for a moment, then put his instrument to his mouth, and played the Star-spangled Banner so significantly, that the vast crowd made a welkin ring with applause. The man with the tin horn was completely squelched, and probably got away through some back

alley. We have thought of this incident a hum-timessince. In every department of life, especially in the sphere of religion, there are always croakers who delight in stirring their discords upon others. Sometimes they keep themselves out of it, but the noise they make is none the less disagreeable. The best way to silence is by some nobler sounds such as win and inspire the heart of God's people. In these days, Church assemblies are a great deal of petty trouble, because the Gospel calls to the work of Mission, and the great interests, is so loud a voice, that the shrieks of fault-finders are completely drowned.

Sometimes those who love the gates of heaven, but are kept by affliction from frequenting them, yet show their gratitude to God by adding to the comfort of those who more highly favored in that regard. A beautiful example of this, and one worthy of imitation, has just come to our knowledge. Mrs. Barbara Smith, of Embury, Md., a lady well known to us beyond the bounds of the congregation in which she lives, has long been desirous of the privilege of attending the public worship of the sanctuary herself; but she had not been unmindful of the fact that she might contribute to the convenience of others, and she lately, without any solicitation, ordered and donated a large "Restorer" to the church. A serious difficulty in lighting the building has thus been remedied. Thus, in more than one sense, light has been made to shine.

There is a great scarcity of church news now. We publish all we can get, but do not feel called upon to manufacture it. It would be cruel to say that some one was enjoying himself at Saratoga Long Branch, or that his congregation sent him to Europe, when there was nothing to justify the statement.

The camp-meeting season has commenced in dead earnest. The one at Easter Heights usually attended by the Methodists of Philadelphia has closed, and set down as a decided success.

Rev. M. A. Smith, of Nazareth, Pa., has just sent us a sketch of the late Dr. C. Leinbach, which was prepared by request of "the brethren." No one was better fitted for the duty than Bro. Smith, who belonged to Dr. Leinbach's first Catechetical class in Perry county, which he numbered 70, and who has always cherished for him the affection due from a father. Bro. Smith's own faithful and effective ministry serves to show how much work of his deceased friend has been done through others whom he inducted into the vineyard of the Lord, and his faithful tribute to the pastor of his youth and the friend of his riper years, is worthy every way of immediate publication.

But the main facts to which he was obliged to confine himself have already been given, and, he will, we know, acquiesce in the judgment which leads us to send his manuscript to Dr. Heisler, by whom the permanent record will doubtless be made.

Among the interesting facts given by Mr. Smith, and not mentioned before, we find that Dr. Leinbach commenced his studies preparatory to his sacred office under Rev. John C. Gulden, D. D.; that Drs. Chas. F. McCauley and E. V. Gerhart, were his classmates in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, and that he was licensed to preach the Gospel at Reading, in Oct. 1841, in company with Drs. Gerhart, Geo. H. Martin and Rev. Geo. Strickland. The following statistics are also given of Dr. Leinbach's labors during the 42 years of his ministry. Marriages: Tulpehocken charge 884, in other charges 323, total 1207. Funerals in Tulpehocken charge 755, in other charges 821, total 1576. Baptisms in Tulpehocken charge, infants 403, adults 66, in other charges, infants 1197, adults 74, total 1740. Confirmations in Tulpehocken charge 1003, in other charges 1097, total 2100. Sermons and lectures exclusive of catechetical lectures, in Tulpehocken charge 3600, in other charges 4000, total 7600.

The proceedings of the Classes of the Eastern Synods which we have recently published with a single exception, though lengthy in some cases, have, we find, proven very interesting to many of our readers. There was an unusual amount of important action taken by the Classes and that makes a great difference.

Rev. John G. Fritchey, who has entered upon the 82d year of his age, has been on a visit to Washington, where he preached on two successive Sundays. He gives an encouraging account of our churches in the Federal Capital. He is remarkably well preserved and writes a clear, strong hand. We hope his last days will be his best days.

Missions in Japan which have been so prosperous were started by contributions sent by Christian converts in the Hawaiian Islands. This is a significant fact. We have no means of knowing the amount they gave, but as likely as not, a comparison with what we have given would bring a blush to our cheeks.

A minister of a "colored congregation" in the South, recently gave notice that "trade dollars" would be received at a collection that was about to be taken up. So they will every where. Put them in the basket but do not take credit for having given one hundred cents.

The London press bitterly denounced the American speculators and railway companies upon the first receipt of the news of Webb's drowning, upon the supposition that his attempt to swim the whirlpool below Niagara was on a wager, but these statements were so false that they had to be withdrawn. Then her majesty's subject went to the other extreme. At the Crystal Palace pyrotechnic exhibition on the night of the 27th of July, the whole audience hissed the fire picture of Niagara Falls because it did not contain a portrait of Webb.

CARLISLE CLASSIS.

Our people are aware that this Classis has been recently formed out of the old Classis of Zion. It is rather small, in one view, having only nine pastoral charges; but in extent of territory it is quite large enough. It embraces the counties of Cumberland (Shippensburg excepted) and Perry. Surely in all this tract there is room for the plow and the sickle of the Reformed Church.

We are sojourning in the well known town from which the Classis took its name. The veteran, Dr. A. H. Kremer, is still pastor of the Carlisle church, the same as he was when we were a small boy. He then belonged to Zion's Classis, but left it to join the new one, though not changing his residence (except once for a seventeen years' pastorate in Lancaster). This reminds us of what we used to hear the Heilmans tell about one of their great patriots. He was the first settler of that name in the now well known Heilmans Dale, and his numerous progeny of modern times delight to put it as a conundrum, that he first lived in Lancaster county, afterwards in Dauphin, and finally in Lebanon, without having even changed his place of residence—always living in the same house. Of course the reader knows

how that was, and will scarcely "give it up." Yet such changes, even if they do not necessitate any movement in space, mean something, politically, or morally and spiritually.

In the case of the division of Zion's Classis into three, it means three ecclesiastical bodies instead of only one, with all the powers and responsibilities attached thereto; and the great object of the division must have been, the accomplishment of more and better work for the cause of Christ. It is expected that the Carlisle Classis, for example, will do more now in the work of Church extension within its ecclesiastical limits, than could have been projected and carried through by the old Classis without such division. The ministers and elders composing this Classis must certainly realize that a new and peculiar responsibility rests upon them. They cannot but feel, that within the limits of their classical area, and outside of their several charges, there are waste places, spiritual destitution, and calls for the Bread of Life. The field is large enough, and yet not too large, for the exercise of their evangelistic zeal, and for the setting up of many more banners than at present mark the habitations of our Zion.

Carlisle is now the Jerusalem of this new Classis. The Reformed Church there is well known. It has had a checkered history, sometimes wavering between life and death; but it seems now to be in firm position, both temporally and spiritually. We think its future is full of promise, and that the days of its permanent prosperity are at hand. We hope to hear continued good reports of all the churches of this Classis, and that it may become one of the strongholds of the City of God. K.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

It is reported that our Methodist brethren are tired of their system of frequent pastoral changes. Occasional expression is given to this feeling in their church periodicals. In fact the Conferences are beginning to pass resolutions, and to send up overtures, looking to a change. They have had a cast-iron rule hitherto, transferring a minister every two or three years from one station or circuit to another. And the transfer or appointment, made in the Conference by the Bishop assisted by the Presiding Elders; though previous negotiations between congregations and ministers are often entered into, and the Conference confirms, if it sees fit, the arrangements which have thus been privately made. The chief point in the system, as now administered, seems to be, that of frequent changes, at certain fixed times, under the auspices of the Bishop and Conference, and by their authority. If a charge, or a pastor, do not wish to enter into negotiations looking to a settlement, they can leave their destiny, in this matter, in the hands of the authorities. These will provide the one with a pastor and the other with a field of labor.

Now, we are told, the brethren are getting tired of this. They look across into the Reformed and Presbyterian Churches, and they see that here a pastor has virtually entire control of his own changes of location, and remains in one charge as long as he and the people he serves are mutually pleased with one another. There is no limitation, by church law. There have been pastorate which continued for nearly sixty years. And this seems a better way to those who are forced by their system to move so often. But if our opinion were asked we would advise our Methodist friends to give the subject due consideration, on all sides, and to hasten slowly in the matter of changing their system of ministerial transfers. No doubt there are instances where harm is done by being compelled to change at a fixed time. A pastor's three years may expire just when the interests of the church where he is located seem to demand that he should remain. But this does not occur very frequently. In the large majority of instances, we venture to say, when the allotted time is up, the minister is entirely ready and willing to have a new field assigned him, and the people are willing to welcome a new man into the pulpit and the pastoral relation. Indeed, in many instances a transfer or change is asked for, either by pastor, or people, or both, at the end of the first or second year.

In our Church there is no one whose duty it is to superintend these pastoral changes. And this very act has a great deal to do, in many cases, with the length of our pastorates. A minister may want to change. He may be convinced that it would be desirable to do so for many reasons. He may feel that another man could do more efficient work in the charge

than he is doing, and that he himself could labor with more satisfaction and greater success elsewhere. But where will he go? There is no one to whom he can apply and whose office it is to send him into a new field, or, in other words, to procure him a charge. He does, from his soul, abominate the work of "fishing for a charge," as it is sometimes called. And this state of things may continue for years, pastor and people becoming, all the while, more and more anxious for a change, and each one doing less and less telling work for the Church, on account of this feeling. At length the pastor may be asked to resign, a thing which ought never to be allowed to happen, or he may be persecuted or starved into a resignation, which is still worse. Or he may not let it come to that. Seeing the drift of the current, and guided by his own feelings, he may resign, even though he does not have a call elsewhere, or the remotest prospects of one. And this is a thing which a faithful minister ought never to be compelled to do. When a man gives himself to the service of the Church, and honestly does the work which she has assigned him, very often for a salary that barely meets his necessary expenses, the Church ought, in some way, to see to it that he has employment as long as he is able and willing to work. There ought to be those who can say with authority, "Go work here or there in the vineyard, and whatever is right ye shall receive."

We take it to be a serious defect in our Church government that no provision is made to do this. You may talk of Providence providing for these things. But is not this one of the things which Providence has placed in our hands? Is it not one of the functions of church government to see that the servants of the Church are employed where they can do the most good? You may say that if a man is faithful and earnest in his work he will never be long without a field of labor. Facts disprove this. Some of the most faithful men in the Church have labored on for years where they were not appreciated, because no new field has been open to them; or they have resigned and have been for a long time without work and in some cases have finally been compelled to resort to secular labor to support themselves or to take work in a sister Church where a different system prevailed. Men of earnest piety and first rate ability have, as a rule, also the most modesty and self-respect. They cannot bring themselves to the use of flattery and clap trap, either to keep a charge or to get one. It is upon such men that our system sets the hardest in one aspect of the case. Men whose make-up and practice is different meet with no great difficulty in getting themselves into a field of labor, because they are able to employ the methods which take the popular eye and please the popular fancy.

If we ever go to making radical changes in our Church polity, this, it strikes us, is one of the first things that ought to be altered. No doubt every system has its weak and strong points. Nothing is perfect in this world. And those who are in a certain system are undoubtedly the first to feel its defects, and cry out against them, and propose the adoption of something that seems to them at a distance, to work better. But it will be a bad day for the Methodist Church, we think, when they give up their plan for ours. L.

Rev. C. G. Fisher, Business Superintendent and Treasurer of our Publication Board, has returned to his desk greatly benefited by his short vacation. If any one is specially anxious to pay money due to the establishment Mr. Fisher will be glad to receive it.

Very few of the clerks of the Classes have sent us the desired information we asked for in regard to vacant congregations and unemployed ministers. As it would give a better idea of the field if most of these vacancies could be published at the same time, we withhold the lists we have in the hope of making them more complete, when others have been furnished to us. We wish the brethren would be kind enough to attend to the matter without delay.

Prof. Reily, President of Palatinate College, has been preaching to a number of congregations in Eastern Pennsylvania during the summer vacation, and reports encouraging prospects of increased patronage. The fall term opens Sept. 30th. Send for circular.

Our Agent, Rev. H. K. Binkley, has secured nineteen new subscribers for the MESSENGER in the Littlestown charge, Rev. D. N. Dittmar, pastor.

Among Our Exchanges.

Rev. Levi Philletus Dobbs, in a recent letter to the National Baptist, disapproves of "Type Writers," for the following reasons:

"If we allow for an instant that the type-writer is an improvement, an advance, we may seem to admit that there has been progress in the mechanic arts; and if we admit this, why, the next thing we shall be called on to admit is that there may be progress in other departments of human knowledge; and, almost before we know where we are, we shall find ourselves shut up to confessing that there may be advance in the knowledge of religious truth, in other words, that theology is a progressive science; and when that is admitted, why, then the bottom has been dropped out; we may as well just go and be atheists. Therefore let us, on moral and religious grounds, carefully avoid taking the first step by giving any encouragement to the type-writer."

My next objection to the type-writer is personal; I do not want to use it, because it will show how badly I spell. I never know whether the e or i comes first, whether it is seise or sieze, whether it is chief or cheif, whether it is seive or sieve, whether untill is right or untill, whether we should write recal or recall. In all these perplexing cases, I have taken refuge in that illegibility which is (according to the popular estimate) a characteristic of the great. I remember that I once heard a man say as he looked at a letter which he had received from a stranger: "He writes 'most terrible' to amount to much." The theory is that a great man, who is burdened with the weight of empires, cannot find time to form his letters. I have a very distinguished friend whose writing I read on the basis of an ingenious key invented by myself; I always know that if a letter looks like a, it is meant for y, and if I see a perfectly straight letter, I know that it is meant for s.

I go on this great principle in my handwriting: I write so blindly that no one can tell if I spell right or not. But with the type-writer all this is out of the question; we cannot make all the letters just alike and then throw a dot over them in a sort of promiscuous way.

And this leads me to remark further that I fear that, by exposing the bad spelling of so many of the great and good, the type-writer will further the progress of that monster of iniquity, the latest born of radicalism, the Spelling Reform. People will say: "Why! things must be in a bad way, if our learned men cannot spell. There is a call for reform!" And perchance the wise and learned men themselves will join the cry.

Then the present system of handwriting is a great relief to public men and authors. If one has put in print a sentence which proves to be unpopular, he can easily throw all the blame on the printer and on his own illegibility. If, for example, he is printed as saying: "I now hold so and so," and if these views are charged with being radical or unsound, he has but to say: "I wrote hastily; and the printer did not read correctly. What I wrote was, 'I never hold so and so.'" But if one uses the type-writer, all this becomes impossible; and there is no knowing how many reputations will be ruined.

There is one other ground, dear to every conservative, which I would on no account fail to urge. We who have arrived at middle life, and eke at gray hairs, had all this trouble of writing and of reading illegible writing to go through; why should the next generation have any easier time than we did? Are they better than we?

On these and on many other grounds, it seems to me the duty of all true men and of all true conservatives to set their faces against this dangerous and radical innovation."

The Christian Advocate cautions our Temperance orators against abusing good men:

"The cause of Total Abstinence needs the help of every man who will honestly advocate it, and consistently practice it, whether he agrees with us in every point or not. Prohibition can never be enacted or enforced by Total Abstinence men only. They are in the minority everywhere. It must have the aid of all citizens who desire to suppress the traffic in ardent spirits."

Charges to command respect, must be true; and if true, they must be important. The man who says, in the excitement of a public speech, what he cannot prove in the calm investigation of the next day, answers this inspired description: "They are drunken, but not with wine; they stagger, but not with strong drink." He who discovers that he has been in error, has no honorable course open to him but to promptly retract.

None will suppose that we favor a timid policy. Energy, courage, and carrying the war into the camp of the enemy, and nothing less, can command victory in this conflict. It is against the bitter and calumnious rant of those who denounce as 'traitors,' 'moral cowards,' 'dumb dogs,' and 'purchased cattle,' all those who do not agree with them in every point, that we protest. They can never injure those whom they malign. It is the cause that they harm."

Communications.

ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION AT WESTMINSTER, MD.

The Classis of Maryland met in special sessions at Westminster on the 30th ult., to receive the Licentiate, Adam S. Weber, from the Lebanon Classis, and to provide for his ordination and installation as pastor of the Westminster charge. The papers on examination were found to be correct, and the brother was received and provision made to ordain and install him by the appointment of a committee consisting of Dr. Staley and Revs. S. S. Miller and I. G. Noss. The services were held on the following day, Dr. Staley preaching the sermon from I Cor. 4: 1, Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God.

In the explication of the text the preacher aimed to set forth in simple terms that the office of minister of Christ, as in some sense reflecting the ministry of his Lord, includes the Prophetic, Priestly and Kingly functions, in the exercise of which the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven, as including the Word, the Sacraments and the Shepherd-king of the sheep are dispensed. In conclusion some words of encouragement were said to the candidate for ordination, and the congregation with its elders and deacons were admonished to discharge faithfully the duties and obligations they were about to assume in the service of the installation.

Immediately after the services the chant, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them," etc., was sung, and then the solemn services appointed for such occasions in the Order of Worship were performed, the large and intelligent congregation manifesting most devout and profound interest from the beginning to the end of the entire services.

Westminster, with St. Benjamin's congregation, but a short distance from the city limits, now constitute the Westminster charge, and Sil-

ver Run and Pleasant Valley congregations have been erected into a new charge, over which brother Nos, who formerly had care over the entire field, was recently placed as pastor. This is only the beginning of a work of reconstruction in the Maryland Classis, which in a few years must add three or four, perhaps five, new pastoral charges to its roll.

The Westminster charge will furnish our young brother Weber with abundant work in the midst of a very genial and intelligent people, who doubtless will co-operate with and sustain him generally in his pastoral work. Much ground has been lost forever in Carroll county by allowing overgrown charges to remain so long in the old ruts, but the experiment at Westminster, where, less than twenty years ago, we had no church, shows what can be done in other localities, if only an aggressive effort be made. Brother Weber and his congregation may do much in this local missionary work.

CHURCH CONSECRATION.

Some weeks ago we received notice that we should be wanted before long to assist at the consecration of a new church. This notice came from Rev. H. Bair, who has charge of the Beaman Mission in Grundy county, Ia. Later on the time was fixed for July 22d for this interesting service. Accordingly on the morning of July 21st we took the 6 o'clock train at this place for Tama City, where, changing cars, on the branch of the North Western, we soon arrived at Beaman.

Near this place brother Bair resides—but the church to be consecrated is at Liscumb, in Marshall county, ten miles south-west of this place. Liscumb is a very pleasant little town on the Iowa Central Railroad, about twelve miles north of Marshalltown. We had never before been at Liscumb, but had heard much of the fine country surrounding it. Brother Wiese, of the Grundy congregation, accompanied by his wife and Miss Keine, lately from Pennsylvania, took us across the country to Liscumb. Of course, every one who has lived seventeen years in Iowa, as we have, thinks that this state is the finest in the Union; but the country between Beaman and Liscumb is certainly unsurpassed for beauty and fertility. We heard considerable about the church our people at Liscumb had purchased from the Methodist Church, and therefore were in doubt as to what kind of a building they really had. Just as soon, however, as we came in sight of it, we were satisfied that these good people knew what they were about. It seems that the M. E. Church erected this house of worship, but a heavy debt remained on it from the first, and, as they were weak in membership, they never cancelled the debt. A heavy mortgage did the work, and the church must be sold. Now it happened that the most substantial element in the M. E. Church belonged formerly to the Reformed Church, and, when it was seen that it could not be made a success under the old regime, these people labored in favor of their mother Church. The house was purchased for \$400—a sum less, it is claimed, than the original mortgage. The church was thoroughly repaired and a new spire built from the ground up, 65 feet in height. In the inside the seats were good, but a new pulpit was put in, and the walls papered in a most handsome style. Window shades, carpets for the altar and pulpit, an Order of Worship, and hymnals, all are in their places. But a little work was done gratis, and the sum of \$440 was expended on repairs, making the whole expenditure \$840. On this church is a bell, said to be the best in Marshall county for its size, being a donation originally to the first church that should be erected in the town. It was donated by a Mr. Johnson of New York. We viewed considerable experience in erecting churches in Iowa, and we are certain that a church property, such as these Liscumb people have, could not be had, at first cost, for less than \$2,500. These people are few in number, and strained every point to get this spiritual home. On the morning of consecration a debt of \$187 still rested on the church. The brethren were determined that no mortgage should hang over this building this time. The brethren, both before and after, led the list with good subscriptions, and soon the sum of \$205 was raised. The people in and about the town helped nobly. Brother Bair deserves much credit for the untiring zeal in pushing forward the work. The members nearly all come from Somerset county, Pa., and are the right kind of material for the West. If any of our members east want to come west to get good farms, then here they can be had, while at the same time they give their Church.

D. S. F.
Christian World, please copy.

OUR CHURCHES IN WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

Mr. Editor:—I recently had occasion to visit Washington City on business, and while there I called on our good brother, Rev. C. F. Sonntag, who insisted on my filling his place in the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in our beautiful new chapel. I complied with his request, and really was much pleased with what I saw and learned on the occasion. Although the day was oppressively warm, he had a very respectable congregation, and all seemed to take a deep interest in the services of the sanctuary. The members are active, living and working members, and are deeply interested in the upbuilding of their congregation. They are all warmly attached to their pastor, and appear to be Aaron and Hurs, standing at his side, in the cause of the blessed Saviour. And although the members have three miles to their chapel, yet in many respects they put to shame, by their regular attendance on the means of grace, others who live only a square from the sanctuary of the Lord.

Three families reside in Virginia, fifteen miles from the city, who of course cannot come as regularly as those differently located. One thing I observed, which pleased me, and augurs well for the congregation: that is the desire of parents to have their children introduced into the covenant and church of God, by the holy sacrament of baptism, for in the last two months, the brother has baptized no less than eight little children or infants. At the earnest request of the pastor (who was indisposed to request it), I remained another Sabbath, and, although I remained for them again (though it was not known that I would do so), and I was really surprised to see the audience present, though quite as oppressively warm as on the Sabbath previous. In conclusion, I would remark that the present status of both pastor and congregation is certainly very encouraging and hopeful.

Our German Congregation.

Ere I left the city, I called for the first time, in company with Brother Sonntag, on our good Bro. Guenther, pastor of the German congregation, and was very kindly received and entertained by this dear brother and his lady. He has only been about twelve years in this country, and during this time has been instrumental in doing a great work in the West in upbuilding of the church; and at the same time he has made great progress in the acquirement of the English language. He occupies a fine parsonage and has a very good and pleasant church, with a membership of 140 members, and certainly is the right man for the place he occupies.

These two brethren, Sonntag and Guenther, are

upon the most intimate terms with each other, and are working shoulder to shoulder, in the upbuilding of each other's interests in the Saviour's cause.

God bless them both in their laudable work.
Jno. G. FRITCHEY.

MISSION WORK.

The Synodical editor, in the MESSENGER of July 18, writing on Church Extension, touches some very important points. Church extension can be carried forward most advantageously where the fund is under control of the Synod in whose bounds the particular mission is located. The great hindrance in establishing missions is the want of a house of worship, and the risk that, even after the house is built, it may be lost by a debt remaining. This fear need not haunt the mission whose house is held by the Synod's Board. The specter-interest would not disturb their devotions. There should, however, be a fund established by the mission itself, which would in time liquidate the loan of the Board. This should be one of the features of an extension scheme. Every Synod should have a Church Extension Board, and the subject should be brought before the congregations, at stated times, and the alms of the people gathered for this object. Especially should this be done in Potomac Synod, where classes are now so small that mission work must be pushed. But one of the interesting points of the article is in what he says of the way Bros. Leader and Darbaeker were received and assisted in their work. "They went into large, lake the pastor or an elder, along with them, and got from house to house, to get something, if possible, from every member. So far very few have refused to give."

That is the right spirit to receive and help the servant of the church. This is the way to accomplish large results by a proper co-operation of a pastor with the representative of the church. I trust this example of the Pittsburgh Synod will have a proper effect on the church. There will be little accomplished, however, without the hearty aid of the pastor. If he holds back or shows even an indifference the work will be poorly done, it may prove a failure, discouraging the church and even his own congregation. The people are willing to help any church work if it is properly placed before them, and its importance for the church explained. Their contributions may not be large, but the aggregate will surprise, while all will have an opportunity, and no one can feel that his mite was overlooked. The church is anxious to have this kindred subjects ventilated.

C.

INSTALLATION.

The installation of Rev. L. C. Edmonds, pastor of the Red Bank charge, Clarion Clavis, Pittsburgh Synod, took place on Sunday, July 22, 1883, in Trinity Reformed Church. Services at 10 A. M., and again at 3 P. M., at which time Rev. W. C. B. Shellenberger, chairman of Classis Committee on Installation, preached to large congregations, on the subject claiming the attention of pastor and people. The services were solemn and very interesting throughout, particularly the installation service, which immediately followed the sermon in the afternoon, at which time the elders and deacons of the different congregations composing the charge came forward, and in turn affectionately greeted their new pastor with words of good cheer and encouragement.

Their greetings were responded to in a touching address by the pastor, in which he presented his work among them in obedience to the commission of the Great Head of the Church, "Go ye, therefore," &c. Pastor Edmonds has good reason to feel encouraged in his new field of labor. Though the charge is not what he desired it to be, and though there is much hard labor needed in many respects, yet he has the hearty co-operation of all the people in and outside the church with very few exceptions. The people receive their new pastor in the spirit of love, and will assist him in all things looking to the upbuilding of the charge, and encourage him to the extent of their ability in his work of love for their good. They are a kind Christian people, and believe they have at last secured the services of the right man, and that now the work of our common Lord and Master will go forward encouragingly in their midst. May love, peace and good-will prevail throughout the charge, and prosper beyond the most sanguine expectation crown the labors of pastor and people.

W. C. B. S.

THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Its resources and wealth—its climate and soil—the State that should have 100 Reformed Churches.

Much has been said in our church papers of Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, and other western states to which many of our people have emigrated from the East to find homes, and are building up congregations, while Michigan, with her rich soil and mineral wealth, fully able to sustain many others, and far more sure in the successful growth of her products, has been almost entirely overlooked. A resident of the state since 1862—a correspondent for years of some of the leading journals in the state, and an extensive traveler and acquaintance within her borders, will enable me to give some facts that may be of interest to many readers of the Messenger who may contemplate seeking homes and business beyond the narrow circle of the father's farm.

The State of Michigan is 9745 square miles larger than the State of New York; 13,700 larger than Penna.; 17,855 larger than Ohio; 22,565 larger than Indiana; 2,295 larger than Illinois. The entire area of the six New England States is only 7,550 square miles larger than that of Michigan. It has a coast line of 1,600 miles—more than half the distance between New York and Liverpool—around which, vessels of 2,000 tons may sail without losing sight of its territory.

The largest body of fresh water in the world forms its northern boundary; the second largest its western; except these two, there are no lakes in Europe, Asia, or America, larger than washes its eastern borders; and it has ports on two others, lying in the embrace of these immense seas, its climate has no equal in the moderation of its temperature in any state or territory situated on the same degrees of latitude east of the Rocky Mountains. Most of the eastern Peninsula of the State lies between the same lines of latitude as the State of New York. The shore line of its upper peninsula on Lake Superior, is mostly south of the latitude of Quebec. No part of Michigan is so far north as Paris.

It has over 4,000 miles of rail-road, and 1/4 of all the county seats in the State are connected by R. R. or lake ports. The many miles of natural and artificial waterways, give the products of the state a permanent competition in the rates of transportation to Eastern sea board markets, and every dollar thus saved in reaching the consumers is added to the gains of the producer. The reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, show that in a series of six years, previous to, and including 1880, the average cash value per acre of eight leading productions of the farm, taken together, in ten principal farming states of the West, was greater in Michigan than in any other State.

In the order of production, Michigan stands

first among the States in the growth and manufacture of lumber, first in salt, first in copper, first in charcoal pig iron, certainly second, if not first in iron ore, first in its fresh water fisheries, fourth in wheat and wool. It has the largest iron and copper mine in the world. Seven tenths of all the wheat raised in the country, is grown in nine States, and only three excel Michigan in the volume of this crop. In the last census year, it produced more wheat to the acre, than any state in the Union except Colorado. It is also one of the best fruit producing States in the Union. All its principal products are staples, for which there must be a constant and growing demand.

The State is practically free from debt. Its State Capitol which cost one and a half million of dollars, is paid for. It is prohibited by its constitution from borrowing money in excess of \$50,000 except in time of war. The entire local indebtedness of all its cities, villages, towns, counties, and school districts is less than ten million dollars. Its taxes are low, and one third of them all is applied to educational purposes.

An unstimulated growth.

No organized effort has been made by the State to promote general immigration. No flaming circulars setting it forth as the "Garden of Eden," the land of "Golden Grain," etc., have been scattered like autumn leaves over the country. Whatever means have been employed to invite population from abroad have been isolated and fragmentary. The growth of the State has been entirely natural and unstimulated.

New elements have been assimilated with marked success and rapidity. The natural resources and attractions of the State, however, have contributed to draw people hitherward from other States, and from Europe, until the population has increased ten-fold.

In the lately march of two score years, Michigan has moved steadily past the older States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee. The census of 1880 shows that it has outgrown in population the thriving States of Wisconsin and Iowa.

The total number of inhabitants of the State at the enumeration of 1880, was in round numbers 1,335,931. Of this number Pennsylvania furnished 28,507, and Ohio 62,207. The representation of ninety thousand population from two States in which the Reformed Church is well established in nearly every portion, and numbers its members by thousands, it would be natural to suppose that in such an enumeration from these States, the Reformed Church would have a fair representation in Michigan. But alas, the oft repeated story must again be told. A membership of perhaps 800, scattered over three counties in the southern part of the State, with a German interest in Detroit, constitutes all there is of the Reformed Church in the U. S. In Michigan, I make this distinction as the Reformed Church have interests in the State.

D. H. R.
Potosky, Michigan—Aug. 1, 1883.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed by the Foreign Mission Board at Harrisburg, July 18th, 1883.

WHEREAS, In the all-wise Providence of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, the Rev. Charles H. Leinbach, D. D., has just been removed from our early sight and fellowship by the hand of death; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Leinbach has been connected with this Board for a period of some ten years, a portion of the time as its president, and still later as its vice-president. Therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this Board, in the uniform interest and attention with which Dr. Leinbach followed the work of the Board, and co-operated with it as far as his feeble health, in later years, would permit.

Resolved, That we hold the highest respect for the character and spirit of Dr. Leinbach, and will ever cherish his memory as of a "Brother Beloved," whose death we regard as a loss to the church, and to ourselves personally, but believe to be his "eternal gain."

D. VAN HORNE, President.
T. S. JOHNSON, Secretary.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The authorities of the Shenandoah Railroad Company have agreed to sell round ticket trips for \$25.00 from Hagerstown, Md., to Newton, N. C., to persons attending the approaching meeting of the Synod of the Potomac, at the latter place, bringing regular excursion rates, or two cents a mile each way. The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company has also consented to sell excursion tickets to Hagerstown, at regular excursion rates, making the fare from Harrisburg, Pa., to Newton and return, about \$23.00.

The railroad companies, by way of Washington, D. C., and Richmond or Lynchburg, Va., which would be the shorter route for many members of the Synod, have thus far refused to grant any reduction of fare.

It is deemed proper to make the foregoing announcements thus early, in order that the members of the Synod may have the facts in the case and make their arrangements accordingly. And as the rates of travel are very considerably lower than many anticipated they would be, it is fondly hoped, that all who are possibly attend the approaching meeting of the Synod, will make it their business to do so.

Further announcements will follow in due course of time.

STATED CLERK.
Mercedburg, Pa.—Aug. 6, 1883.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Synod of the United States.

Upper Mount Bethel.—The members of the Upper Mount Bethel congregation, at Stone Church, near Hampton county, Pa., tendered their new pastor, Rev. A. R. Thompson, and his family, a formal reception and liberal donation on Saturday, the 28th ult. A spirit of general satisfaction prevails, and pastor and people are mutually happy.

Wentz's Charge.—This charge, located in Montgomery county, consists of three congregations, namely, Wentz's, Schwenksville and Calpeville. Rev. S. M. K. Huber has been serving it for twenty years, it being his first and only field. This brother is at present under a cloud, and needs the sympathy of the church in view of a throat disease, in consequence of which he has temporarily discontinued his labors. He is aided by Revs. H. Seiple, Aug. Dechant and other neighboring brethren. There is good reason for hoping that Bro. S.'s health will soon be restored and that he will be able to continue his good work in this important field.

The undersigned preached at Schwenksville and at Wentz's on 28th ult., and was pleased with the large attendance at both places. It was evident that this is an intelligent and spiritually-minded people. Wentz's is a beautiful church and has lately been located. This congregation is advancing rapidly. The time is not far distant when it will be self-supporting. We never

heard as fine singing in any congregation as that of the Wentz's church choir. One of the members of this congregation is about finishing a thorough course of preparation for the ministry. Would that the prospects in all the sections of our church were as bright as in this portion of Montgomery county.

WM. M. REILEY.

Synod of the Potomac.

Shepherdstown, West Va.—Rev. E. F. Bausman has accepted a call from the Reformed congregation of Shepherdstown, West Va., and will enter upon his duties September 1, 1883.

Bedford County, Pa.—The Irwin Reformed congregation, Bedford county, Pa., gratefully acknowledges the kindness of Mr. A. J. Weidner, of No. 36 South Second street, Philadelphia, in donating two pulpit lamps.

Pittsburgh Synod.

Rahanser.—The members and friends of Zion's Reformed church gave Elder George F. Rahanser a surprise last Monday evening, the occasion being his 70th birthday anniversary. Mr. Rahanser has been a member of the organization from the beginning, has always taken an active part in its work, and for the past four and a half years has not missed more than one-half dozen services, and these on account of sickness. The members thought he deserved some token of their esteem, and they gave him not only the surprise already referred to, but also a pair of gold spectacles. Rev. Knappenberger made the presentation speech and Elder Rahanser responded in a few appropriate remarks. The whole affair was to him a complete surprise, and was all the more enjoyable on that account. His friends spent the evening very pleasantly and it was certainly one long to be remembered by those who participated.

King.—The 25th anniversary of the wedding of Rev. and Mrs. Hiram King was celebrated at Somerset, Pa., July 30, 1883. Members of Somerset Classis, members of Somerset charge, and other personal friends of Bro. King from the various churches of Somerset met at the parsonage on the evening of the day, to commemorate the event. The members of Classis were the movers in the celebration, and after the guests had been received by their committee, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Hay, the bride and groom of a quarter of a century came into the parlor and the anniversary services were held. A scripture lesson was read, a prayer offered, and a brief address made. No marriage service was held, since all agreed that the vows once made are binding for life and grow stronger rather than weaker in a state of Christian wedlock; and persons once married are married so long as both husband and wife live. After the service, congratulations were offered and the wish frequently expressed that the Giver of all good would grant bride and groom another quarter of a century of home and happiness.

Some time was now spent in social enjoyment. Many old friends met and new friends were made. The ministers were accompanied by their wives, and thus were brought together a number of these faithful toilers in the work of the Master, who only too rarely see each other. Some met their fellow-laborers for the first time, and all of them went away glad to have known and talked with those who shared, and were the only ones who could appreciate their work and anxiety; and wished for more frequent occasions for seeing each other.

The Somerset congregation furnished the refreshments; and such cakes and ice cream as they furnished are hard to excel. Of the more substantial sandwich and good coffee which were abundantly seemed to enjoy, too much cannot be said in their praise. Indeed it would be hard to say too much of the pleasantness of a feast which even skeptics denied the danger of their torment for the sake of the delicious bits there offered.

Many very beautiful presents were given, but they shall only be mentioned, for after all they should be the small part of these delightful occasions, at which so many seem to feel that words alone cannot give adequate expression to the good will they feel.

S.

SEMINARY NOTICE.

The session of the Theological Seminary, Lancaster, will open on Thursday, Sept. 6th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the introductory address to the students will be delivered in the College Chapel by Prof. J. B. Keiffer.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres. of Faculty.

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Now is the time for orders for these essentials in properly conducting our Sunday-schools to be ordered for such, as after the rest of winter are about to open, to be sent in, as it is the beginning of a new quarter. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge.

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Miscellaneous.

A TWILIGHT MEMORY.

Margaret Sangster.

At fall of night, when shadows gray
Enfold the feet of fading day,

Or on the far horizon's rim,
The rain-clouds gather fast and dim,

From some vague coast of memory
A childhood scene returns to me.

I see my mother, sweet and fair,
Her gentle face 'neath shining hair.

I see myself, her little one,
With pensive looks, when day is done.

Uncertain what the dark may bring,
I nestle 'neath my mother's wing;

And even there, by fears possessed,
My trembling heart is not at rest.

A tender voice, I hear it yet,
Bids: "Light the lamps for Margaret."

And swift the cheery rays are poured
O'er curtained room and smiling board.

However thick the shadows meet
To-day around my weary feet,

No mother's presence at my side
Is strong to comfort, bless and guide.

The dear one, lifted out of sight,
Dwells evermore in Love's own light;

But tones my heart can ne'er forget,
Above me sound in blessing yet;

And one by one, like stars that rise
Serene amid the steadfast skies,

The lamps of faith their glow divine
Diffuse around this life of mine.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Wyoming, Del.

The Rev. N. J. Miller, we are sorry to say, has found it necessary, on account of ill-health, to resign his post as a missionary at Wyoming, Del. This event was a matter of regret, equally to himself and his charge. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, and the mission prospered under his administration. It is now vacant, but it is hoped that the Board will be able to fill the vacancy at no distant day.

The mission at Wyoming will reach the fourteenth year of its age during the present month. It was organized by the Rev. Dr. Fisher, with 25 members, and the number has been steadily increasing to about 100 at the present time, made up of emigrants from Pennsylvania, Germany, with a sprinkling of natives from the Diamond State. Foreign Germans are settling in large numbers in the vicinity of Wyoming. At the last meeting of the Legislature, an emigrant commission was established, and Thomas F. Hansen of St. John's Mission, is commissioner for Kent county, and by the end of the present month he will have brought into the vicinity of Wyoming as many as 150 Germans, most of whom, when permanently settled, will naturally gravitate towards a church in which the time-honored custom of giving religious instruction through the Catechism is maintained.

Dr. Reily, of Myerstown, has consented to spend part of his vacation in Delaware, and whilst there to fill the vacant pulpit in the Wyoming mission, and to do some missionary work in the Peninsula, extending his trips, as we hope, over to Ridgely, Md. A heavy responsibility has of late been placed on his shoulders—the task of rejuvenating Palatinate College, and giving it a new start. For this position we regard him as well qualified—probably no more so—both by his experience as a teacher in the workings of the institution, and his broad culture as a scholar. He is called provisionally to preside over an important institution, and he is entitled to the sympathy and active support of the church. He has a year of hard work before him, and we believe that a vacation in Delaware will enable him to lay up a fund of health and strength that will last him for a whole year. Missionary work among an active and responsive people is beneficial to the body no less than to the mind and the soul.

The Rev. G. W. Gerhard, a licentiate from the Seminary at Lancaster, has recently been commissioned by the Board to take charge of the mission at Lock Haven, Pa., in the place of Rev. I. S. Stahr, resigned. He was the unanimous choice of the congregation, and he has before him flattering prospects of being successful in his work. Bro. Stahr has been in this field nearly six years, and during this period has done a good work. A comfortable church was purchased, and the membership increased from 25 to 150 members. The Sunday-school grew in a corresponding degree. The outlook now is hopeful, and the people are willing to take their new pastor by the hand and to labor for the further extension of the kingdom of God in their midst. The support of a pastor with a family, at Lock Haven, has been inadequate, and Bro. Stahr, like some of the rest of us, engaged in the missionary work, has been living out of pocket, as we say. To this there must always be a limit somewhere, and so when his way was clear he resigned and handed over his charge to his successor, who, he is glad to see, will receive a better support than he did himself. When good housekeepers remove from their houses, they always leave them swept and garnished for those who come after them.

The Rev. H. D. Darbaker has been out for the last four weeks collecting money to buy lots and build chapels at McKeessport and Turtle Creek, Pa. He is meeting with success, but presumes he will have to call on the friends of missions for help at a greater distance before he gets through with his present undertaking. He has been collecting during the week, preaching on Sunday.

Some time in March last a few individuals in Frederick, Md., united together and sent \$25 to our missionary in Seattle in Washington Territory—Pastor Kreuter—for his immediate use. It will help to pay his doctor's bill or other necessary expenses. It is pleasant to record such acts of Christian kindness. They come to encourage others to yield—to the spirit of spontaneous liberality.

Ten persons were added to the mission at Wil-

kinsburg, and four to the mission at East End, Pittsburgh, under Brother Knappenberg. Confidence in the final success of these congregations is increasing, and as a consequence more interest is taken in church work than heretofore. They now meet all their pecuniary obligations to themselves and the Synod; and if a little more time is given to them, they will also be able to aid Churches grow. They are not made to order.

Selections.

Darkness may as well put on the name of light, as a wicked man the name of Christian.

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—George Macdonald.

It is not talking, but walking with God, that gives a man the denomination of a Christian.

I watched the sparrows flitting here and there
In quest of food about the noisy street;
Such nameless fare as seems to sparrows sweet
They sought with greedy clamor everywhere.
Yet 'mid their strife I noted with what care
They held upraised their fluttering pinions
feet;

They trod the mire with soiled and grimy feet,
But kept their wings unsullied in the air.

I, too, like thee, O sparrow, toil to gain
My scanty portion from life's sordid ways.
Like thee, too, often hungry, I am fain
To strive with greed and envy all my days.
Would that I, too, like thee, might learn the name
of grace
To keep my soul's uplifted wings from stain.

The diamond in whatever direction it is turned, is equally brilliant, equally attractive, nor requires to be placed in a certain position to exhibit its matchless lustre. So should the Christian shine.

Think what it is not to hate anything, but sin; to be full of love to every creature; to be frightened at nothing; to be sure that all things will turn to good; not to mind pain, because it is our Father's will; to know that nothing—no, not if the earth was to be burned up or the water come down and drown us—nothing could part us from God, and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever He wills is holy, just and good.—George Eliot, in *Adam Bede*.

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

"One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

"He holds me with the billow's might—
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempests all.

"Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss."

Science and Art.

Princess Louise will send some of her oil and water-color paintings to the Boston foreign exhibition in October. This is a graceful acknowledgment of the pleasure which her visit to Boston gave her.

Mr. William Astor's new yacht will be of steel, and will be the largest and, it is said, the handsomest pleasure yacht yet constructed. The other famous yachts of recent construction are of iron. Jay Gould's cost about \$250,000, and Astor's will cost about \$350,000.

An invention of great interest to telegraphers and railway men generally has been patented by George M. Bedinger, of Erlangen, Ky. It is an electric signaling apparatus for telegraphing between trains and stations, thus keeping all trains in direct communication with the train despatcher and with one another. The invention consists of a jointed conductor, which breaks connections by pressure, the current being carried through the car by means of brushes. Each train carries its own operator and instruments. The invention can also be used to advantage in connection with a block signal.

GREAT GUNS.—The French Government is experimenting near Lille upon some naval and siege guns of novel construction and enormous power. One of these, as described by a technical journal, is of steel, and nearly thirty feet long. The tube is strengthened with ten coils of plated steel wire one millimetre (0.039 inch) in diameter. The composition is such that the cannon, after a few discharges, becomes elongated by three millimetres. The weight of the gun is fifty tons; it projects a shell weighing two hundred and ninety-seven and one-half pounds, capable of penetrating armor plates nearly six inches thick at a range of seven and one-half miles, and its cost has been \$116,160.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN BLASTING.—A very startling piece of information comes to us from the Rive-de-Gier (France). A block of ore, weighing some thirty-five pounds, was broken into small pieces and placed into a melting furnace. When the ore reached the red-hot temperature a reagent was added and the fusion of the new ore was complete in three minutes. This fusion was iron, and the reagent cost only eighteen cents per ton of the metal obtained. A blast furnace would thus produce twenty-two tons of iron every fourteen minutes, instead of every twelve days. Besides this, the furnace would clean itself at every operation. The experiments were made at the iron works of M. Brunon, and should these statements be proved, metallurgical interests would have to conform to another transformation not less important than that involved in the Bessemer steel process.—*Engineering News*.

A GREAT GUN FINISHED.—What is designed to be the greatest improvement in modern warfare, "The Lyman Haskell multicore gun," was finished at the Scott Foundry, Reading, on July 24. It has been undergoing construction for over two years and was recently shipped to Sandy Hook, where it will be tested in the presence of leading officers of the army and navy of the United States and foreign countries. The last Congress made a special appropriation for this purpose. Since the invention of the cannon, four hundred years ago, they have all been constructed on the same principle of placing the powder in the breech, and the Lyman Haskell is the first deviation. The gun contains four "pockets" underneath, each of which holds 35 pounds of powder, while the breech itself holds 18 pounds. As the projectile starts from the breech the force of this entire one hundred and thirty pounds of powder is concentrated on it, one "pocket" after another rapidly discharging its contents.

The gun is twenty-five feet long and weighs twenty-five tons. It is rendered doubly strong

by a steel lining and, it is thought, can hurl a projectile through a solid piece of iron twenty-four inches thick. It will shoot, so it is claimed, from twelve to fifteen miles and is intended for both harbor and naval defense. The present gun was manufactured at a cost of over \$50,000 and Mr. Haskell has personally supervised its construction. The projectiles with which it is loaded weigh from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. A company with a large capital has been organized for the manufacture of the gun. Ex-Governor Cornell and Ex-Senator Platt are some of the interested parties.

Personal.

Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal, is the third oldest Christian prelate in the world.

Bronson Alcott is now well enough to ride in his trundling chair round about Concord.

W. H. H. Murray has begun to write "six new books of Adirondack stories and one about Texas."

General Sheridan's mother, 83 years of age, still lives in the same house in Perry, Somerset county, O., in which he was born.

Helen Taylor, stepdaughter of John Stuart Mill, is the first woman elected to the Presidency of a standing committee on the London School Board.

The late General Ord was a grandson of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. His father, James Ord, a son of that morganatic marriage, came to America when a youth, assuming the name of his tutor, Mr. Ord.

Mr. Longfellow, like Mr. Tenneyson, found a pot of gold at the end of his poetical rainbow. The appraisal of his property at Cambridge, Mass., shows a value of about \$350,000, of which \$200,000 is personal property and \$150,000 real estate.

Miss Mary B. Randolph, a grand-daughter of Thomas Jefferson, has presented the cornerstones of the old Jefferson monument at Charlottesville, Va., to the Missouri University, at Columbia. Upon them will be erected a monument to Jefferson that will be unveiled on July 4, 1884.

Professor Marsh, of Yale College, has been appointed a member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich. Mr. Marsh holds the professorship of paleontology in Yale College and is curator of the geological collection. He was graduated from Yale in 1860 and afterward studied in the scientific school there and in Europe.

Senator Jones, of Florida, has been having a great time in Ireland. When he reached Balbriggan, his native place, he found nearly the entire population turned out to receive him, and though he has few relatives at present living there, and the principal object of his trip was to visit the family graves in Balrothery Churchyard, he found the streets arched with evergreens in his honor, buildings festooned with ribbons and flowers, and the populace in holiday attire. He was received at the station by a large delegation, and was presented with an address by the Town Commissioners.

Items of Interest.

In the reigning monarch, Germany and England there are four generations. A little German prince born recently is a great-grandson of Victoria as well as of Emperor William.

Railroad Director Bethold, of Breslau, Prussia, used his pass to frank his wife and daughter's baggage, and was condemned to a week's imprisonment for fraudulently obtaining \$1.38 worth of service.

The Emperor of Germany has offered to give 250,000 marks to found a large German hospital on the island of Norderney in the German Ocean, provided an equal amount be raised by private subscription.

The late William Chambers, of Edinburgh, left a personal estate of £91,316. The sum of £20,000 is devised for the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral, and the remainder is divided among numerous relatives and friends.

A Boston rascal got a living for a while by hanging around the post office, pretending to be a clerk, and inducing silly people to give him the money they wanted to send in registered letters. He told them that "under a new rule" they would get no receipt.

A Jew who was recently summoned to sit on a coroner's jury in London excused himself on the ground that, being a descendant of the high priest, he was exempt from seeing a dead body. The coroner ruled that the Levitical law was not binding in this court, and fined the Jew forty shillings.

The London *Lancet* has made the discovery that there is "no more powerful apparatus for the conveyance of disease than a book." It mentions measles, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other ills to which the juvenile community are especially prone as being easy to catch from books. The germs of disease may lie for months, or even years, between the leaves of books that are seldom handled.

One of the practices peculiar to Japan, and one that naturally excites the curiosity of the stranger, is the singing of men at work upon the foundation and frame of any building that is being erected. There is no set song they sing, but they give voice to their wishes for the prosperity of the owner and builder, coining their song as they proceed with their labor, invoking the favor of the gods for their employer and all having any interest in the structure they are erecting.

Mile. Las Bordes, a member of a very old and noble French family, entered a convent with the intention of devoting her life to works of charity. When acting as nurse in a hospital she fell in love with one of her patients, and on his recovery eloped with him to London, where they were married. Recently he applied to have the marriage tract annulled and their twelve-year-old son declared illegitimate on the grounds that she was a nun at the time of their marriage, but the court held it to be valid.

A card bearing the following instructions hangs conspicuously upon the wall in one of the stores on Water street, Naugatuck, Conn.: "To Burglars: We keep no money in this safe. This is for fire only: our money is up to the house. Come up. We have four shotguns, two rifles, three horse pistols and one revolver, all loaded and ready for use, and warranted to kill at ten rods. Time spent here is time wasted. Verbum sat sapienti." Then follows the figure of a combination, so that if the burglar is determined to get in any way he can do so in a decent way, without spoiling the door.

A photographer, with French sympathies, at Strasburg, picked out the prettiest girl in the place and took her picture, she being dressed as an Alsatian peasant in mourning. He labeled the photograph "Sorrowing Alsace," and there

was a rapid sale of them to those who are opposed to German rule. The German authorities, however, arrested the photographer for seditious practices. On the trial it was developed that "Sorrowing Alsace" was engaged to be married to a Prussian soldier belonging to the garrison. There is much hilarity in Germany over the incident.

Three marriage ceremonies, all performed at once, are about to be celebrated at the Grand Ducal Court. The Grand Duke Louis IV., whose wife—the Princess Alice of England—died five years ago, is said to be about to marry his sister-in-law, the young Princess Beatrice, the charming young girl for whom, if romance is true, the son of Napoleon III. went to seek death in Zululand. At the same moment that he himself is going to marry the aunt of his children the Grand Duke will give his two eldest daughters—the first to Prince Louis of Battenberg and the second to the hereditary Prince of Baden.

London *Truth* says:—"Bishop Colenso was one in a thousand. He is dead, and the bench of Bishops has lost a man of whom it may be said that, 'take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.' He was not always wise—still more seldom diplomatic; but he was true as steel and brave as a lion, without a particle of conceit or bombast. He suffered too much. All his causes were unpopular. He generally conquered, but he fought without glory and won without praise. At a certain time he really did get the Government to attend to Langallbalele, and on a recent occasion to Cetewayo, but his policy was half condemned in England, and many of the English in Natal hated him for his pains."

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, who is to visit this country about September 1, as the guest of the New York State Bar Association, has left all appointments and acceptances of invitations in the Association's hands. The Committee of Arrangements, of which Elliott F. Shepard is chairman, has requested that all invitations be sent, unsealed, to the Committee. Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, has already invited Lord Coleridge to attend the opening of the National Exposition in Boston in September, and the bench and bar of Toronto have tendered him a public banquet. Attorney-General Brewster has informed the Committee of the satisfaction the Government feels respecting Lord Coleridge's intended visit, and states that he shall do all in his power to render the visit interesting and agreeable.

Earthquakes have always been frequent and violent in Southern and Central Italy. So long ago as 63 A. D., it is recorded that Herculaneum and Pompeii were nearly destroyed by an earthquake, which they escaped only to be buried under the ashes of Vesuvius. And the great earthquake of 1783 in Calabria will ever be memorable for having caused the death of 100,000 persons.

Iscchia is in the heart of the earthquake region, and the disaster of Saturday night is the third which has befallen the island in recent years. Only two years ago hundreds of lives were lost there by a seismic shock. It is true that Professor Palmieri—the greatest authority on the subject—says the disaster was not a true earthquake; in other words, it was not a concussion having vertical motion and a straightforward shock, a horizontal motion and a lateral shock, or an undulatory movement; yet it will probably be classed with the "New Madrid earthquake" of 1811, when for miles around the mouth of the Ohio River the land subsided and became the present "sunk country."

The remarkable point of the Casamicciola accident was the suddenness with which it occurred. The earth seems to have given way without warning; thus resembling the great Lisbon earthquake, when 60,000 people were wiped out of existence in six minutes. What the connection of the accident is to seismological changes cannot be determined until an official report is made, but at present it stands an appalling accident in this year of great accidents.

Farm and Garden.

THE PROPAGATION OF SHRUBS.—One of the things which we have noticed about many places is the neglect to multiply the different plants by cuttings. Every vine, shrub, and flower can be propagated from either the wood or the root. Some of the plants are propagated more easily, and almost entirely after the second growth has commenced, say in August. Propagation from the root usually takes place in the spring; if started under glass, early in February is probably the best time.

If we have a single specimen of a fine rose, how much will it add to the beauty of a yard or garden to increase it to half a dozen? So with any other desirable flower. The deutzas, spiraeas, wiegalias, etc., and all the climbing vines, are readily propagated from cuttings. So are box-edges, arbor-vites, etc. All it needs is a little attention at the proper time. Until the cuttings take root they should be kept moist, set out in a rather shady place, or at least protected from the sun during the hottest part of the day.—*German-town Telegraph*.

Every season nearly some new method of fighting the potato bug is announced. For ourselves we ask nothing better than Paris green. This is effective when properly applied. Some days ago we discovered that the "bugs" were at it in earnest. We procured some Paris green and plaster, mixed them in the proportion of about one to sixty parts respectively, and mixed them thoroughly. We obtained a long can, with a finely perforated bottom, and into it put the mixture. A slight twist of the hand or wrist is enough to sprinkle each hill nicely. We gave the vines a good sprinkling, and the bugs have troubled them but very little since. About a week after we went over the piece again, sprinkling only those vines where the bugs were somewhat numerous, and we anticipate no more trouble from them. Some claim, and it looks reasonable, that the longer the green and the plaster are mixed before using, the better the results which follow. The poison infects the plaster, making it also destructive.

HOW FARMERS ARE CHEATED.—So many schemes are now resorted to to obtain money, that farmers, who seem especially exposed to such attempts, cannot be too careful what they sign. The last mode of swindling is accomplished by two rogues, who seemingly by accident spend the night with a farmer, and during their stay make a trade in some sort of commodity, merely asking the farmer's signature as a witness to the bargain, when in due time he is surprised by a notice of protest of a promissory note, signed by him and discounted by a neighboring bank. A friend of ours has in his possession an ingeniously worded piece of writing, which, if read from left to right, the whole length of the lines, is a harmless agreement to pay a named sum of money after he has sold a fixed number of horses; but when the scissors are run perpendicularly through the piece of writing, the right hand piece, which of course contains the signature, is a promissory note for the amount stated in the article.

AN EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.—The prudent housewife who regards the cleanliness and neatness of the home surroundings as one of the es-

sentials to health and happiness will appreciate the recipe appended. The mixture is used by the United States Light House department, and is said to be of very superior quality, being clear and lasting. Take half a bushel of quicklime, slack with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process, strain it, and add a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, three pounds of Spanish whiting, and a pound of clean glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on as hot as possible with either a painter's or whitewash brush.

One simple fact impressed on the minds of farmers would be worth millions of dollars to them as a whole. It is that the young animal is the only one that pays much to fatten for its carcass, and that for this purpose a fattening ground should be kept up from birth until slaughter day. But multitudes don't know it yet and some of those don't believe. No well-posted cattle feeder now buys old cows from twelve to fifteen years old and attempts to make beef of them at a profit. But farmers do it.

RATS IN THE HOG-PEN.—There is nothing more detestable than a pig-pen infested with rats, for the vermin will not only annoy the animals, but commit depredations on every portion of the farm. The pig-pen fosters them principally, as it is there they get plenty to eat and can hide under the floors. The best precaution is no floors, but rats will keep within convenient distance of the pig-pen, be as careful as we may. A swarm of rats will consume as much as the same number of fowls, and the damage from burrowing, gnawing, and theft is very considerable.

Rats are very careful, and cannot be trapped or poisoned easily. The best plan to get rid of them is to leave some of the hog feed outside the pen every evening. The rats will not touch it, perhaps, at first; but after awhile, if it is left there continually, they will venture to taste it. The next evening, if they find no harm has occurred to any one of their number from it, they will eat a little more, until finally they will look for it. By this time every rat on the premises will be at the nightly banquet; and, as they have gained confidence, all the farmer has to do is to procure a reliable poison, and every rat is doomed. The wholesale slaughter will prevent other rats from coming, as they avoid dangerous places.—*Farm, Field, and Fireside*.

The *Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser* has these sensible remarks on the "dog nuisance":

"It would be a blessing to the farming communities and to the country at large if the same destruction of the canine race could be inaugurated throughout the entire land. Millions of worthless dogs are allowed their freedom, to go among pedestrians and travelers and destroy flocks of sheep, and should be, if economy and the general good were considered, converted into fertilizers and glove-making material. It would be surprising if the mischief done by dogs in this State could be given in dollars and cents. They are the greatest hindrance to profitable sheep husbandry, and considering the losses which these animals are accountable for, the subject is not receiving the attention it deserves by the agricultural press, although many farmers are waking up to its significance. And only a portion of the damage which dogs inflict can be recovered in dollars and cents. The annoyance and aggravation, saying nothing of the fear of danger which is constantly being met by those who travel the roads, is sufficient to set people against sustaining a common nuisance. Farmers are the ones who suffer most directly from the dog nuisance, and should be foremost in urging its abatement. Let them begin at home and put away their own worthless curs, and then unite in securing the means of general destruction of roving, malicious dogs."

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. August 4, 1883. Contents: Count Rumford, by J. Tyndall, Contemporary Review; The Wizard's Son, Part XII, Macmillan's Magazine; The Coming of the Friars, Nineteenth Century; Warlike Adventures of a Peaceful Prince Donna Temple Bar; Across the Plains, Longman's Magazine; A Letter of Leigh Hunt's, Athenaeum; with the usual choice selections of Poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,800 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with the *LIVING AGE* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Jefferson, Md., July 20, Miss Lucretia A. Feaster, aged 44 years, 5 months and 3 days.

The deceased lived the life of a Christian; she died the death of the righteous ones.

DIED.—In Upper Leacock township, Lancaster county, Pa., Ephraim Zellers, aged 81 years, 3 months and 15 days.

After a long and well-spent life this aged father joyfully awaited his departure from the earthly home in the blessed assurance of a better home in heaven. A large congregation assembled at the time of his funeral to show the last sad tribute of respect to his memory. Having professed faith in his blessed Saviour, in early life, and dying in full communion with the Church, in the confident belief of a blessed rest in heaven, his surviving widow, children and friends may well be comforted. His remains were buried at Heller's Church.

DIED.—At New Berlin, July 21, 1883, Miss Mary Ann Bogar.

The deceased was a faithful and consistent member of the Reformed Church. During the last six months of her life she was a great sufferer, but, like every true Christian, she bore her sufferings with remarkable Christian patience. A striking example how the Lord upholds and strengthens His people. Her departure was a peaceful one, a true falling asleep in Jesus. She now rests from her labors, awaiting the full fruition of the resurrection life. Amen. T. R. D.

Acknowledgments.

We hereby wish to make due acknowledgment for the money received from the following named churches and persons, for our mission church in Liscomb, Marshall county, Iowa:

Per Rev. D. S. Fouse, Tipton, charge, \$25.00. Rev. J. F. Snyder, Emanuel, do, 12.00. St. Paul's church, Grundy county, Iowa, 56.50. St. Paul's, Pocahontas, Pa., 20.00. G. Baum and family, Berlin, Pa., 11.00. Wm. Colp, Millersburg, Ind., 1.50. Jas. Hollenbaugh, 25c. Thanks to the donors by the pastor and congregation.

Rev. H. BAIR, Pastor.

Specimen Copies Sent on Application.

